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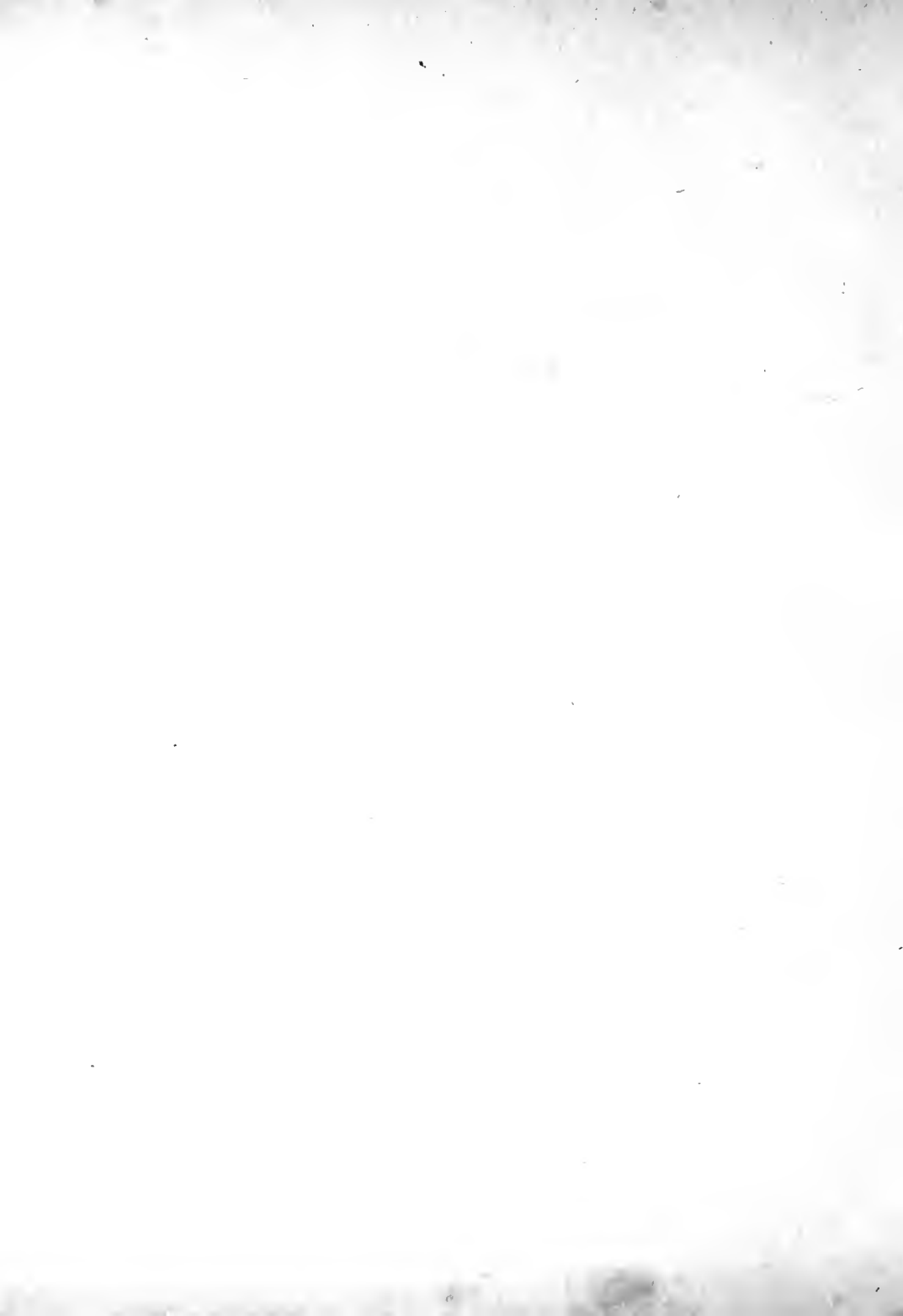




The Calyx

1903





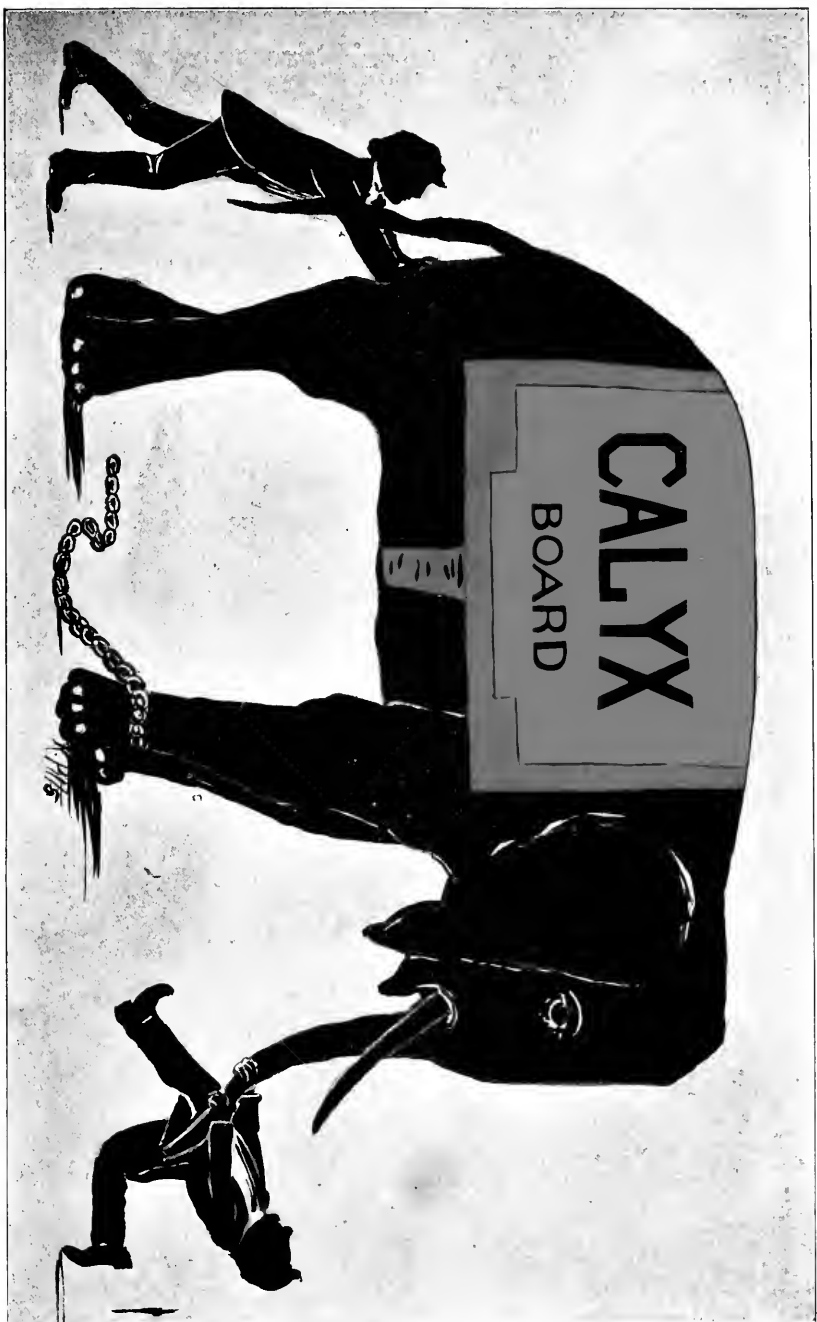
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PREFACE



OUR friend and fellow critic, Mr. DeQuincey, has made a statement in regard to that striking, and some times very suggestive similarity which is often noticed between writers of today, and those who have preceded them, which we cannot pass over without giving it the just rebuke which we feel in our hearts that it deserves.

Now the gentleman has the brazen affrontery to say that there is really no very serious objection to the use of quotation marks in many cases. He thinks that when it becomes necessary to use another man's ideas or thoughts for the adornment of one's own composition, that this is a painful and unfortunate state of affairs which can only be alleviated by disguising it. In order to convince, he also proceeds with a very forcible argument in support of his most vicious position. Quotation marks, says he, in addition to spoiling the symmetry and beauty, and solidity of a paragraph or sentence or verse, will almost always cast a damper over the spirits of the writer himself, which has a most distressing effect on the vitality of the composition.

Now with this general theory as his standing ground, DeQ. proceeds to confess (after having been caught and accused, some people say,) that when it comes to a choice between marring the beauty of one of his own paragraphs, and of the chance of a little adverse criticism, that he chooses the latter without hesitation, and as for using quotation marks (except when the passage under debate is so well known that quotation marks don't really make any difference, when, of course, he consents to use them) he just simply "passes them up." He claims, further, that he has distinguished precedents for so doing; he goes on to show how Virgil copied almost *verbatim* from Homer; how Dante took his plan of Heaven, Purgatory and Hell (Hell especially) from Virgil; how Milton was very much indebted to his friend Dante for ideas along the same line; how Keats, *et als*, copied from Milton almost entirely, until finally he traces it down to his own day and time.

This is all very interesting, Mr. DeQ., but your nonsense is too easily reduced to an absurdity. If at first we were inclined to believe your statements, yet we cannot help thinking that if things were as you state them we would soon hold Adam accountable for all of the literary efforts of the ages.

It seems, however, that notwithstanding our opinion to the contrary, there are many persons who are willing to accept the theory and follow the advice of DeQ., and these persons even wish to force such a policy upon the editors of THE CALYX.

Oh, how often have we been tempted! Ever and anon some obliging friend would tell us confidentially of "something I saw the other day, that would be simply fine for THE CALYX," and after being told that we did not follow DeQ., but on the contrary preferred the precept of Mr. Emerson, when he says, "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string," the person would, as like as not, in the very next breath, tell us about some very funny illustration in last years *Bngle* or *Trumpet* which would "be the very thing you want."

Hence the conclusion: If anything appears in this volume which appears to the reader to have made it's appearance at some previous date, let the reader lay all the blame on DeQuincey and his demoralizing philosophy, and let him remember also the board of editors, although they admit that they are responsible for some of the written matter of this book, yet are not guilty of quite all of it.



Vagabondia

Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily bent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad lives in a mile-a.

—*The Winter's Tale.*

Jog on, jog on! That vagrant lay,
I hear in dreams, beyond the sway;
Beyond the sound of shop and street,
Responsive to the timeful beat,
I follow where the road may stray.

With sowskin sack and kerchief gay,
I fare in *entreacte* of life play,
Where nomad fires and folk repeat,
Jog on, jog on!

Full long will be the footpath way,
Full high the stile, full dark the day;
When, in the race's chest and cheat,
Antolycus of errant feet
Shall chant no more, with heart of May—
Jog on, jog on!

FRESHMAN CLASS

ONLY A FRESHMAN

Only a Freshman,
I gazed on my queen
As she glided away with stately grace
On the wings of the waltz;
And I thought how fair is her form
and face;
And I knew that she could not be
false,
With fickle thoughts to screen.



I dreamed we walked together, as of old,
But, ah! more sweetly, for your lips were smiling,
And melted into tenderness beguiling,
Those eyes whose glances once were proud and cold.
Pensive, you listened, as my love I pleaded,
And tho' you spoke no word, the downcast eye
And glowing cheek, made eloquent reply,
That, not unwillingly, my tale you heeded.
Trembling with rapture, since I dared believe,
Your maiden heart was won, (that laughed at wooing),
And that for me your dark eyes kindly beamed,
Which had been many a wretched night's undoing,
I bent to kiss you, but, without reprieve,—
The gray-lit morning told me I had dreamed.

M. HUME.

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WITHERS, LUCIUS JONES. Lamar, Miss.

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Classs of 1906 Constitution

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, By a remarkable series of events, far beyond the comprehension of mortal men, we find ourselves about to quench our thirst for knowledge at "Wisdom's Fount," to-wit: Washington and Lee University, we do ordain and establish the following Constitution:

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

The name of this class shall be "The Class of 1906" of Washington and Lee University, the year 1906 signifying the date when we, with the kind permission of the Faculty, hope to leave these classic shades, to relieve J. Pierpont Morgan, Richard Croker and others, of the financial, political and spiritual burdens that have so long occupied their attentions.

ARTICLE II.

OBJECTS.

The objects of the Class of 1906 shall be fourfold:

- (1) To astonish the world with a remarkable exhibition of mental gymnastics.
- (2) To lay siege to the hearts of those fair Lexington "Calic" who have survived the best efforts of former classes.
- (3) To place all our spare cash into the hands of "John," "Squire" and "The Student's Friend," during our sojourn in Lexington.
- (4) To do all in our power to further the scheme of annexing the Southern Seminary, as the Woman's Department of Washington and Lee University.

ARTICLE III.

OFFICERS.

The officers shall be as follows:

- (1) The Lord High Executioner; (2) Associate Executioner; (3) Navigator of the Stylus; (4) Boss of the Exchequer.

ARTICLE IV.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the Lord High Executioner to wield the gavel, silence the ambryo "Braves," and when occasion arises, bring "order out of chaos."

SECTION 2. It shall be the duty of the Associate Executioner to wield the gavel, when the Lord High Executioner is doing duty in the Mayor's Court, or is otherwise engaged.

SECTION 3. It shall be the duty of the Navigator of the Stylus to prepare all records of the proceedings of the class, the same to be transmitted to our posterity, provided the class undertakes to support any of the aforementioned articles.

SECTION 4. It shall be the duty of the Boss of the Exchequer to apply financial grease to the cogs to keep the class running in good order.

ARTICLE V.

DUES.

SECTION 1. The annual dues shall be two "bones" per year, the same to be paid upon entrance.

SECTION 2. For non-payment of dues, the Lord High Executioner is authorized to compel the delinquent to attend two rehearsals of the Chapel Choir, and if the delinquent still survives, to smoke three of Dr. Crow's cigars during the session.

ARTICLE VI.

If at graduation, any money remains in the treasury, the Boss of the Exchequer is ordered to divide it among the following charities, and for the following objects:

- (1) To endow a chair of Remodeled Faculty Jokes.
- (2) To the Society for the Establishment of Rapid Transit Between Buena Vista and Lexington, Va.
- (3) To the Foreign Missionary Society, to Christianize the Virginia Military Institute.
- (4) To erect a monument to those members of the class who survive Junior Physics.

Making a
Midnight
Address
to the "Soph's"



After the
battle



"Calicoing"



Riding
the
goat.



The
Fresh-
man.



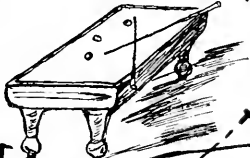
In the "Gym"



His Study
Table.



Where he was a "shark"



Behind
the
Bat.



Making
a gain of
fifty yards.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

ONLY A SOPHOMORE

Only a sophomore,
I told in my heart,
As it throbbed with delight at her
slightest glance;
And dared to hope
That life was not all, like the changing
dance,
To take fresh courage and cease to
mope,
To chose the better part.



...The Dance of Diana...

T



HE Shades of Night sauntered in on the stage and arranged themselves in their usual positions. The Chorus of Stars popped out at the proper intervals and winked at the Moon as a cue for her to commence her gliding act. The Queen of Night peeped cautiously from her dressing room behind the horizon to make sure that the stars were not deceiving her. Seeing that all was in readiness, she threw a last kiss to the East and began her stately march across the stage, keeping time to the majestic music of the Spheres. The usual aristocratic audience of mountains brightened at her appearance, and a thousand lake glasses were leveled to catch her expression.

"See how she smiles at me," whispered one of the Rockies from the bald-headed row, appropriating the look of love which she cast towards the Sun, who was watching her from behind the opposite horizon. With such stately grace she moved that all the Earth, thrilled with the poetry of her motion, kept silence until she had reached her zenith. Then, swirling her draperies of mist about her, with a last bewildering smile, she passed behind the heavy curtains of clouds. The South wind screamed out its wild delight and all the little Hills waved their trees in applause. Several phlegmatic old Volcanoes coughed hoarsely to conceal their emotions, and Pelec threw up a brilliant bouquet. The Oceans lost control of themselves completely, and clapped their million hands in an ecstasy of enthusiasm. So tumultuous were the *encores* that the Queen was forced to peep out from the curtains six times and smile her thanks to the audience.

Thus ended the billionth night appearance of this most popular of performers in the magnificently-staged Dance of Diana.

H. R. KEEBLE.

Class of 1905

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M. D. CAMPBELL, Φ Δ Θ, VICE-PRESIDENT
C. N. CAMPBELL, JR., Φ K Ξ, SECRETARY AND TREASURER

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A Model Recitation

Time: Any Tuesday, 10-11 A. M.

Place: The Latin Room.

Dramatis { Dr. Kerns, of the Chair of Latin.

Personnæ { The Junior Latin Class.

Dr. Kerns picks up his attendance book, and after carefully adjusting his spectacles, approaches the front of the room. The members of the class come streaming in at irregular intervals, making desperate attempts to throw hats, coats, etc., on the nails along the side of the room provided for that purpose, but, unfortunately, placed about two feet too high.

Dr. K. in a loud voice—"Now, gentlemen, you will please answer to your names as I call them, and if any of you are not here, just let me know after the class and I will mark you absent." (Loud stamping greets this bright and thoughtful remark of the Professor.)

Dr. Kerns, at the top of his voice—"Gentlemen, will you please come to order immediately; I shall not begin until I can have quiet in the room." Dr. K. proceeds to call the roll, and then goes over it twice to make sure that he has marked the attendance correctly.

Dr. K.—"We have for our lesson the tenth chapter of Sallust's Cataline today, gentlemen, and before we take up the lesson, let me caution you to be careful of your cases. Through the correct reading of the passages, we come to feel the force of the Latin. What we want to do, gentlemen, is to *feel* the language, not translate it in a hit or miss sort of fashion. Mr. Stevenson, you may begin to read."

Stevenson—"I was sick last night, Doctor, so I am not prepared today. (As Stevenson is sick five nights out of six, his reply is greeted with an outburst of clapping and stamping).

Dr. K.—"Gentlemen, we must have order. Mr. Carpenter, you may recite." (Mr. Carpenter sails successfully through the first line and is greeted with the usual outburst of applause.)

Mr. Shields enters the room, as usual, five minutes late, and the room resounds with a terrific din. He no sooner gets seated when Mr. Rader makes his appearance. Five minutes is "taken out" while the Professor marks them present.

Dr. K., referring to his book—"Mr. Bird, you may continue."

Mr. Bird—"I didn't get as far as that, Doctor." (As this is only the second sentence, the applause is tremendous. The Professor takes off his glasses and glares around; nobody injured.)

Dr. K.—"There has not been sufficient time spent on this lesson; gentlemen, you

will have to do better in the future. Mr. Miller, take it up where Carpenter left it." (Miller sails along successfully for a few lines, but loses his place in the "Jack" and comes to a dead stop.) Dr. K: "Well, go on, Mr. Miller; you have been doing very well so far (loud clapping) but you are altogether too free in your rendering" (laughter on all sides). Miller goes back a line to get a good start, but comes to a dead halt when he reaches the place where he stopped before.

Dr. K—"Go on, Mr. Miller; you are wasting time." Miller: "I can't go on, sir."

Dr. K—"Then, Mr. Engle." (Engle recites successfully, and is closely followed by Deshazo and the "Blue Hotel.")

Dr. K—"Mr. Shields, you may recite." (A vast amount of confusion follows the passage of the trusty "Jack" from the end of the last bench until it rests securely in Mr. Shields' hands. Shields proceeds to bat the good Doctor for a home run, bringing in two men on bases.)

Dr. K—"Your Latin, Mr. Shields, is a vast improvement on your past terms' record. You show a good knowledge of the forms" (a smile spreads all over the face of the aforesaid Shields, and slyly creeps down his back.)

Dr. K—"Mr. Rador, what is the period of which Salust is writing?" (Rader hasn't a ghost of an idea on the subject, but ventures a guess.)

Dr. K—"That's a very good guess, Mr. Rador, only it's a few hundred years out of the way, that's all." (The noise and cheers can be heard as far as House Mountain.) The Doctor looks happy and selects his next victim with care.

"Mr—er—Mr"—the suspense is appalling, but he finally ejaculated, "Mr. Pipes." (Now, Mr. Pipes is deep in Howe and Venable's Chemistry, after the "Periodic Law," and does not hear his name called.) "Mr. Pipes, you may go on." (He spied the book and flares up in a minute.) "You have all you can do to attend to the Latin, Mr. Pipes, so I don't want to ever see you with any other book open in this class except your Latin text." (Pipes shuts the book, and with it his hopes for a swing at Dr. Howe in Chemistry vanish. He knows his batting average is sure to suffer, but attacks the Latin with fury, and makes the Professor's head swim for a few moments.)

Dr. K—"That will do, Mr. Pipes; a little more attention to tense, 'er, would be well, sir." Thus the recitation goes on and the hour approaches its close.

Dr. K—"Mr. Handly." (Handly spars for time and attempts to gum the game as much as he can by asking numerous questions on the construction.) He finally begins to translate and the bell cuts him off short. A rush and a free-for-all fight for hats, coats, etc., ensues.

Dr. K—"We will go as far as page—next time." He looks around and finds the room deserted before the bell has stopped ringing. He heaves a sigh of relief, wipes the perspiration off his brow, rubs his glasses, and the recitation is over.

(EXEUNT OMNES.)

Faith

From the rock on which I stand,
Backward lies the pleasant land;
Yet because you say it best,
In your hand mine own I rest,

Plunging down—
Down into a black abyss,
Whence I hear the serpent's hiss,
Wildly lifting up its head
From the poisoned, rotting dead.

Service

Rough the course and cold the wind,
All have left me far behind;
Mocking spirits show my soul
I may never reach the goal.

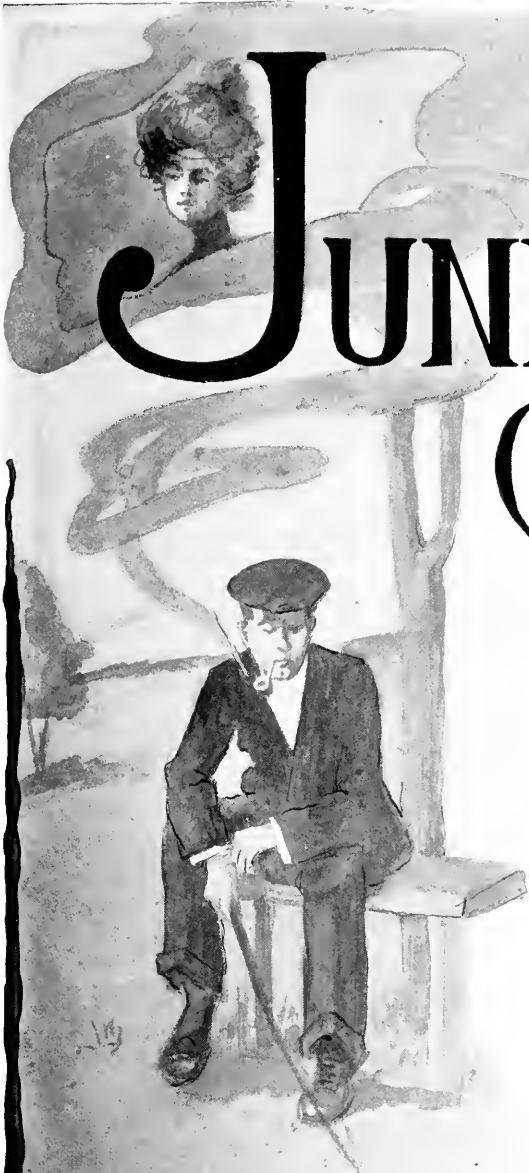
On I press.
Dying o'er the rocks I creep,
Struggling 'gainst the icy sleep.
Though the Master never know,
Onward, dying, I must go.

Love

Eager towards the beckoning skies,
On my ladder swift you rise;
On my shoulder rests the weight,
Pressing downward to my fate

In the slime.
Spurned downward by your race,
Glad I meet the slough's embrace;
Glad, if, as the waters rise,
I may see you grasp the prize.

H. R. K.



JUNIOR CLASS

ONLY A JUNIOR

Only a Junior,
And still the flame
Of my boyish love burned deep and
bright,
A consuming fire ;
And I swore, "I will tell her all to-
night ;
I will tell her my life's one great
desire,
And with eloquence plead my
claim."

The Land of the Great A. B.

(Written After a Post-mortem Examination.)

What do they do over yonder,
In the land of The Great A. B. ?
They simply look back here and wonder
How they ever got their degree.

Their nights are all sleep, and their days are all pleasure,
In the land of The Great A. B. ;
O, their's is a joy without measure,
The men who have got their degree.

But we who are still on the ocean,
Adrift on the troubled sea,
Are tossed in a rocking motion
Toward the land of The Great A. B.

The cruel rocks threaten to wreck us,
(Shallow water is marked with a "D.")
And pilots, alas ! often check us,
In our voyage to The Great A. B.

At "F" there are some signs of weather,
But be calm when you're sailing at "G,"
For you'll take your crew in all together,
In the port of The Great A. B.

So stretch up the sails and the rigging,
And keep to the open sea,
And keep "plugging" and "boning" and "digging,"
If you're bound for The Great A. B.

Three times a year do the storms roar,
And we struggle and beat toward the lea,
And count up the wrecks when the storm's o'er,
But we steer for The Great A. B.

"That Sophomore is 'flunked' (the poor devil);
He didn't half work, don't you see,"
Says a bald-headed Prof., who is keeper
Of the gate to The Great A. B.

S. O. PHOMORE.

Junior Class Roll

ARNOLD, J. K.

BLEDSON, W. R., Φ Ψ

BURKS, M. P., JR., Σ χ

CARNEY, M. S.

COLLINS, W. V., Φ Σ

CONNOVER, J. W., Φ Ψ

HAMILTON, H. W.

IDEN, F. H.

KOLK, R. E. L.,

McCLURE, M. T.

MILLER, E. C.

MOFFATT, L. M.

MONTGOMERY, W. E.

PAYNE, L. C.

PRICE, J. E., Σ χ

PRITCHETT, J. I., Σ χ

SMITH, T. M.

STEEVES, A., Σ χ

STONE, T. G., Δ Γ Δ

TABB, A., Φ Γ Δ

THOMAS, C. C., Σ χ χ

TRUNDLE, A. D., Σ χ

WARNER, J. W., Δ Γ Δ

WILSON, W. O., Σ χ

WITHERS, R. W.

WORTHEN, G. G., Δ Γ Δ



Junior Class History

K NOW all men by these presents, that the parties to this article, being now in poor health, weakness of body, and furious of mind, and sensible of impending death and everlasting torment, and desiring to spread abroad to the world their honest opinions and heartfelt convictions, do hereby make, publish, declare and solemnly affirm this to be an exact transcript of certain well-defined conceptions now existing in their minds.

That, in time past, they have suffered and endured much from a certain obnoxious, offensive, and extremely exasperating substance, whose character is violently opposed and absolutely abhorrent to their æsthetic senses; that their health has been seriously endangered and alarmingly jeopardized on account of the said substance; that their moral nature has been greatly impaired, from having to undergo unbearable hardships; that their optical nerves have suffered much injury and have been atrophied to a very great extent; that they have fallen from that high plane of grace upon which they have been wont to recline, by emitting from their hitherto sacred, chaste and uncorrupted hearts blasphemous, terrifying and wind-splitting expressions; that their spirit of cleanliness and idea of gentlemanly behaviour has been offended and trampled upon so much that they have well-nigh lost said righteous spirit and commendable ideas; that they have lost that equanimity of temper which has heretofore been their constant companion; that their faith in mankind and conscientious approval of the course of human affairs has unceremoniously fled and deserted their pure, immaculate and unspotted bosoms, causing immortal pangs of sorrow and immeasurable grief to their souls. From these and many other causes, the said parties, feeling themselves bounden by the sacred ties and inviolate principles of endæmonism; and, moreover, feeling and believing that the love of the good, the beautiful and true, is the greatest of human virtues, and that said love is, indeed, a part of divine inspiration and a prompter to immortal deeds;

and themselves belonging to that innumerable host who believe that every son and daughter of Adam and Eve is created solely and only to pursue his or her own individual happiness and general felicity of body and mind; do hereby solemnly divulge and reveal to all who have faithfully observed and sympathized with their complaints, the substance whose name it was thought best to withhold until now. Now, know ye, that the aforementioned substance, which has relentlessly pursued them in their perambulations, their incomings and outgoings, causing the above enumerated pitiful misfortunes and dire calamities is ——O, relief to our thoughts and peace to our memory ! But cursed be its name !——mud, pure and unadulterated; nasty, sticky, dirty, filthy, grimy, slimy, horrid, ugly and damnable mud.

If you wish to see it, look, gaze and behold:
If you wish to feel it, walk, slip and roll;
If you have a love for it, depart from us, and stroll
On the streets of Lexington.

On Behalf of Complainants,

J. F. BOUCHELLE.

Dedication

How beautiful is death!
The sheen and carnage of the sunset glow,
Kissed by the gloaming and shadows of
The night into the wondrous silence of
The eternal past, is not more beautiful;
For death evolves the tinted rose, full blown,
Shorn of its thorns and roots, and clinging clay;
The crested dawn, devoid of night; and life,
Without its dross.
Our dear young friends and comrades of
Our happiest hours passed down the long, dark way
While yet the promises of life were fresh
Upon their brows, with yet the nectar of
One brief score years scarce tasted on their lips.
'Twas not their destinies to lead the van
Of marshalled soldiery, nor yet to hear
The wild applause of public life;
A rarer crown was theirs; 'twas this, that they
Were loved by men in life; twice doubly mourned
In death. No greater tribute can be paid
The dead. They stand amid the waste of years,
Triumphant in the dawn of immortality.
Dear boys, farewell.





Farewell

Alas ! how quickly hath my bright dream past,
Leaving me more desolate than ever.
Must I bid thee farewell; is this the last
Of all my joy, and do we part forever?

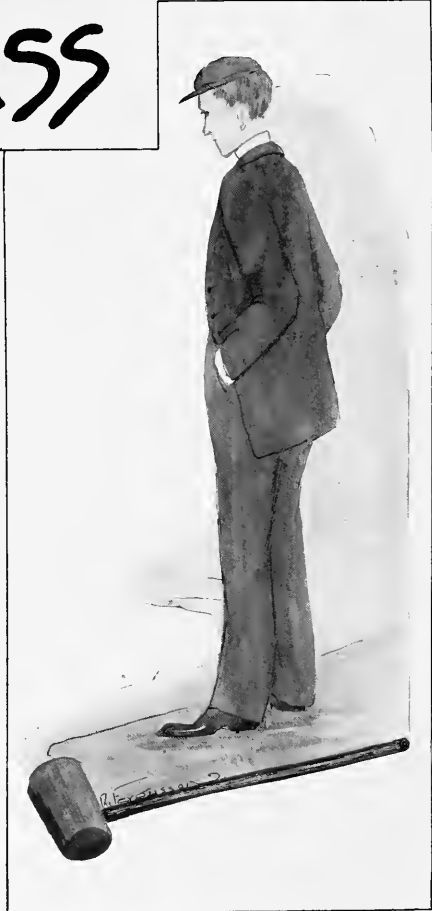
Blame me not for these tears; my heart is breaking;
These are the only tokens I can give,
That sleeping, I shall dream of thee, and waking,
Will feel how bitter 'tis from thee to live.

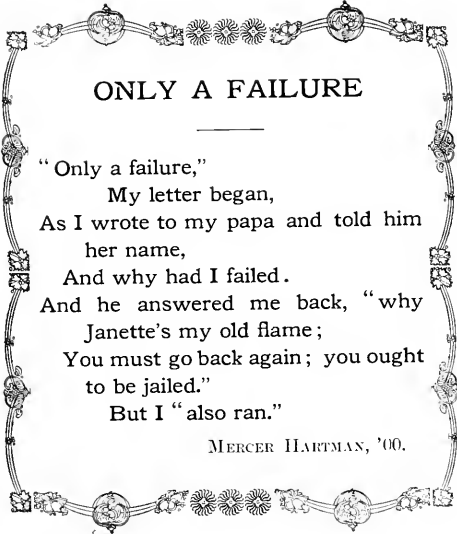
SENIOR CLASS

ONLY A SENIOR

Only a Senior,
She leads me yet,
Like some will-o'-the-wisp, with beck-
oning nod,
And welds the chain
That has bound me fast, and fashions
the rod
Under which my heart must pass
again,
For the sun of my life has set.

He knows how sad on tongue or pen
Are the wretched words, "It might have been."





ONLY A FAILURE

"Only a failure,"

My letter began,
As I wrote to my papa and told him
her name,
And why had I failed.
And he answered me back, "why
Janette's my old flame;
You must go back again; you ought
to be jailed."
But I "also ran."

MERCER HARTMAN, '00.

Senior Class Theses



BOOGHER, ELBERT WILLIS GRIFFIN,
Lexington, Va.

"Stephen Phillips—A Study."

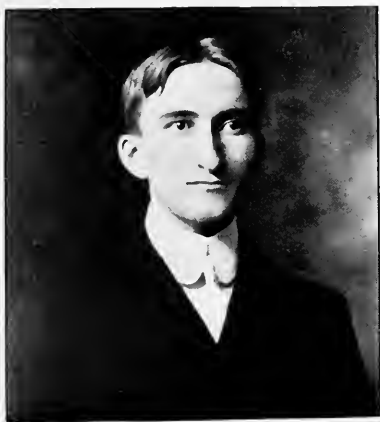
Candidate for M. A.

BLAIN, CARY RANDOLPH,
Covesville, Va.

*"Evolution of the American Doctrine
of Isolation."*

Candidate for A. B.





WALLACE, ROBERT TATE,
Spottswood, Va.

"Triltheism."

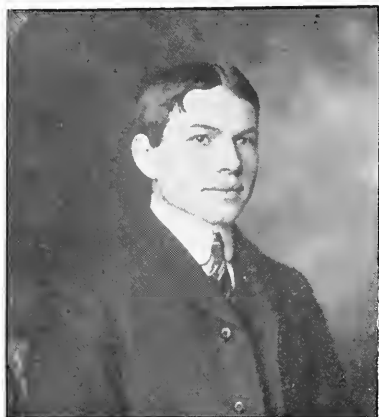
Candidate for A. B.

HAMILTON, ALEX. McCHESNEY,
Raphine, Va.

"Clark and the Northwest."

Candidate for A. B.

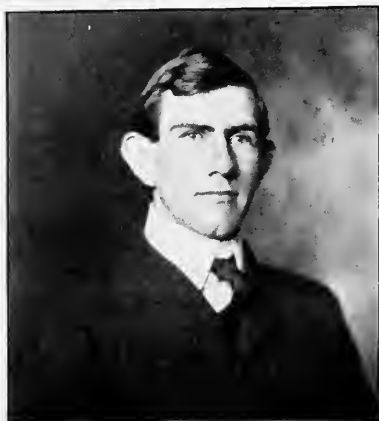




CRAMER, FREDERICK WORMAN,
Frederick, Md.
Editing of "Des Narr des Glucks."
Candidate for A. B.



PHELPS, DAVID RANDOLPH,
Scotland Neck, N. C.
"An Attempt to Prepare Triple-Cyanates."
Candidate for A. B.



WILSON, SAMUEL CAMPBELL, Jr.,
Snyder, Va.

"The Pegram Bridge Truss."

Candidate for B. S.

COE, HENRY CALWELL,
Mt. Jackson, Va.

"George Elliot's Philosophy of Life."

Candidate for A. B.





LACY, ROBERT MADISON,
 Rockbridge Baths, Va.
"Prepare Iodo—Stannates."
 Candidate for A. B.



RUFF, RICHARD ALEXANDER,
 Longwood, Va.
"The Pegram Truss."—Span 182 feet.
 Candidate for B. S.



BURKHOLDER, ALDINE CLIFFORD,
Dale Enterprise, Va.

"The Louisiana Purchase."

Candidate for A. B.

SAMPSON, FARRIS ATHELSTANE,
La Grange, Ky.

*"Determination of Atomic Volume of
Chlorid."*

Candidate for A. B.





McNEIL, CHAS. CHAMBERLAIN,
Charlottesville, Va.

*"Virginia Constitutional Convention and
the Theory of Sovereignty."*

Candidate for A. B.

WATTS, CICERO FLOYD,
Improve, Miss.

*"Recent Increase of the Power of the
Executive of the United States."*

Candidate for A. B.





WHIPPLE, CHARLES RUTLEDGE,
Brownsburg, Va.

*"An Attempt to Prepare the Double-Fluorides
and Bromides of Quadrivalent Lead."*

Candidate for B. S.

McPHEETERS, JOSEPH CHARLES,
Columbia, S. C.

"The Political Aspects of the Mexican War."

Candidate for A. B.





PARKS, JAMES ALLEN, Clinton, Mo.

"Bi-metallism in the United States."

Candidate for A. B.

WITHERSPOON, SAM'L ANDREW, JR.,
Meridian, Miss.

*"Space—Psychologically, Ontologically and
Epistemologically Considered."*

Candidate for A. B.





LAMAR, WM. PENDLETON,
Augusta, Ga.
Editing "La Defense de Tarascon."
Candidate for A. B.

LAUCK, WILLIAM JETT,
_____, W. Va.
"Reciprocity and Annexation."
Candidate for A. B.





McCLURE, JOHN, Spottswood, Va.

"Some Organic Chlorthenites."

Candidate for A. B.



WILSON, THOS. CAMPBELL,
Brownsburg, Va.

"Metaphysical Relation of Soul to Body."

Candidate for A. B.



BAGLEY, JAS. WARREN,
Fayetteville, Tenn.
"Pegram Truss Bridge—192½-foot Span."
Candidate for B. S.

MCCRUM, ROBT. W., Lexington, Va.
"George Elliott's Philosophy of Life."
Candidate for A. B.





JONES, ANDREW LEWIS,
 Monterey County, Va.
"The Peculiarities of the Style of Plutus."
 Candidate for A. B.



SMILEY, A. T., Rockbridge County, Va.
"A Study of Aluminum Tellurid."
 Candidate for A. B.



GUTHRIE, DAVID VANCE,
Port Gibson, Miss.
*"Specific Gravity Methods for Salt Soluble
in Water."*
Candidate for B. A.

TURNER, WM. JOEL, Lexington, Va.
*"Internal Improvements Since Continental
Congress."*
Candidate for B. A.





PILKINGTON, CHARLES RULE,
"The Pleasure of Procrastination."
 Candidate for B. A.



CONRAD, W. DAVIS, Winchester, Va.
"The Art of Reading Human Nature."
 Candidate for B. A.



McLANG, JNO. MORTON,
Brownsburg, Va.

"The Salts of 1 and 2, S O 4."

Candidate for B. A.

DUNCAN, ALBERT MARSHALL,
Springfield, Ky.

"The Theory of Rent."

Candidate for B. A.





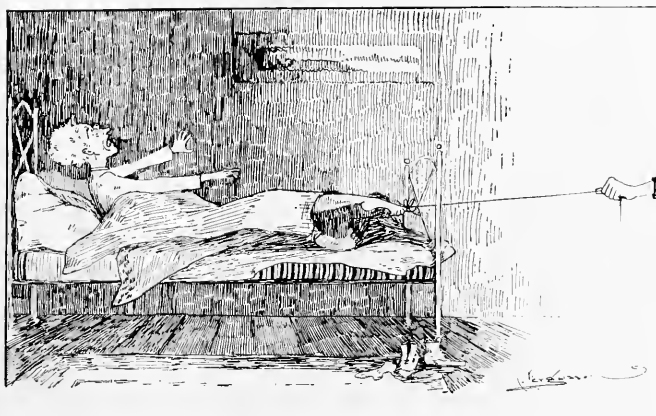
GLASGOW, SAM'L McPHEETERS,
Lexington, Va.



WARREN, JOHN WILLIAM,
Rockville, Md.



TRIPLETT, GRANVILLE HAMPDEN,
Duffields, W. Va.



The Power That Is



AM lord of all that I survey. From my exalted station, I look down upon those beneath me, who come and go at my bidding. Like the time and the tide, I wait for no man. My commands are like the law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not. I rule with a rod of iron. My voice rings throughout the length and breadth of my universe. Out of my mouth proceed orders that scatter noisy groups on the campus and send hurrying throngs along the halls and up the stairways. There are some who curse me and some who bless me, for I am not always harsh; in fact, I am sometimes kindly disposed toward the whole world. At such times I send my voice abroad in the night-time to entertain those to whom slumber is burdensome. I am a real benefactor to boarding-house matrons, for I often cut breakfasts short, and thereby save much tough steak and cold coffee. I look down with compassion on the drowsy student, whose pants are wearing holes in the carved benches, and change him from one place of torments to another, that his sufferings may at least have the redeeming feature of variety. I am often moved with pity for the poor fellow who has been regaling himself with the cue while his jack to Horace lay under the table; and when his name is next on the list, I lift up my voice in his behalf and deliver him, leaving Cerberus, his stomach already distended almost to bursting with zeros, gasping and snapping for more.

Although I rule, I am not the highest. There is yet one above me. He sometimes suffers from painters' colic, and at these times, when his anguish is greatest, I howl for him, for he, for having lied once about a cherry tree which he had been told to chop down, and didn't do it, is doomed to eternal silence.

In intellectual faculties, I am, perhaps, somewhat deficient, but of mouth, tongue and brass, I have plenty, which fact has led some to imagine I am a Freshman. But, far from it. I have been here long enough to take all the degrees to be had here. In short, I am yours very truly, the College bell.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE



GENERAL JACKSON





Senior Law Class Roll

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JOHN JOSEPH SWEARINGEN.....	Florida
SIDNEY BAXTER THOMAS.....	Virginia
DEWITT EVERETT TUCKER, $\Phi K \approx$	Arkansas

History of the Law Class of 1903



DAMS, Arbuckle, Baker, Ball, Brown, Chevalier, Combs, Dillard, Farrow, Gibbs, Haw, Huddle, Hardy, Harvy, Holladay, Kelly, Larrick, Massie, Moore, E. C., Moore, G. D., Ott, Pendleton, Reeves, Shields, Saulsberry, Smith, Thomas. The class roll of 1903 has been called for the last time, and twenty-seven young men are about to leave the lecture-room forever. The peaceful, tranquil life of the zealous seeker after truth must now give way to the active, strenuous scenes of an advocate at the Bar of Justice. In other words, the rule of Theory is over; the reign of Practice has begun.

The desire of mankind to live in the hearts and minds of their fellow-countrymen is certainly not to be condemned, nay, rather to be lauded, for it is an incentive to right living and a stimulus to noble action. Besides, the fact that we would stretch out our lives beyond the short period of our existence here, is one of the most potent arguments that there is a land beyond the grave.

It is for this reason that your humble historian shall attempt to put in enduring form, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal," some record of the class which now bids adieu to its beloved Alma Mater, so that posterity may be benefited thereby; for does not Sallust tell us that the "*memoria rerum gestarum, eam flammam egregiis viris in pectore crescere, neque prius sedari, quam virtus (sua ipsorum) eorum* (the class of 1903) *flamam atque gloriam adequaverit.*"

We may well pause and ask, after all, what is history? "A mere place of exhibition, where the spectators are too little acquainted with the hidden causes of what they behold, and the actors are too directly interested in the result, to enable us to depend, with any degree of certainty, on the accounts of either the one or the other." Probably this is true, for a great mind has given utterance to it; yet your chronicler must write, for he who obeyeth not the orders of the court is guilty of contempt and may be fined or imprisoned.

Two years ago, from many climes, we came hither. With uncovered heads and unbuckled sandals, we knocked at the portals of the "Temple of Justice," and begged leave to enter. The great doors swung ajar, and on the walls, in letters large and bold, we read: "He who entereth here must renounce the world, the women, and the devil." Once initiated, we were soon busy with the solemn duties and responsibilities of a priest at her altar. Heaven is called to witness that we have endeavored to keep the fire of learning brightly burning; by day as well as by night, with anxious hearts, with earnest prayer, and with patient toil, we have sought for that truth which alone would make us free; we have ever been mindful that it is to the "*vigilantibus*

non dormientibus "that the goddess which we worship entrusts her most jealously-guarded secrets. Do we mean to say we have never been derelict? Ah, no. A divine teacher has said, "*Mark the perfect man.*" Too often, "though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak," and we have failed to do our duty; too often we have forgotten that "self-improvement" is to be our motto, not "self-indulgence," and have fallen asleep, only to find upon awakening that *ignorantia legis neminem excusat*. Verily, verily, doth he who adores justice pay his devotion to a jealous goddess. Her first, last and only commandment is: "He who would love me and know my secrets must love none other."

The time of our probation is ended; we must play our part in the drama being enacted around us. Our faults will no longer receive only the reproof of kind and patient instructors, but our every mistake will be seized upon and made capital of by a cold, designing, relentless world, where the motto is, "the survival of the fittest; devil take the hindmost." May we never forget our vows to defend the truth! May we ever keep our robes of office pure and spotless, whether we be at the bar, on the bench, or in the halls of legislation.

True it is, that all of us cannot aspire to distinction and renown, but each can hope to be an *ideal* lawyer—to defend the accused and the oppressed; to help those who are poor and friendless; to succor those who are about to perish; to advise those who are ignorant; to protect those who are wandering; to calm surging passion; to pacify bitter partisans; to be a comforter to the widow; to be a guardian to the orphan; to live a true patriot; to work hard and die poor, and to make the world better for having lived in it.

Ours is a noble profession, and if we but live worthily of it, when old age comes and the intellect abates its one-time vigor; when the eye grows dim; when the hand trembles and the step falters, we may seek that land beyond the skies, with that peace of mind "which passeth all understanding," exclaiming:

"Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amidst the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honor and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end—
Thus to the grave in peace descend."

R. H. SAULSBERRY.



SENIOR LAW CLASS



Junior Law Class Roll

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BURKS, MARTIN PARKS, JR., X.....Bedford City, Va.
CARNEY, MARSHAL SIDNEY.....Carney, Ala.
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DAY, JOHN HENRY, JR.....Norfolk, Va.
GAY, KENNETH FLOYD.....Suffolk, Va.
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McKAY, KENNETH IVOR, K.....Tampa, Fla.
McNULTY, CHARLES SEE, K.....Monterey, Va.
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OSBURN, HERBERT STABLES, A E.....Baltimore, Md.
POINDENTER, ELDRIDGE WATTS, K.....Perrowville, Va.
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SMITH, SANFORD CRITHERD.....Danville, Va.
WHITE, JOHN THOMAS, JR.....Parksley, Va.
WILSON, THOMAS CAMPBELL, T K A.....Brownsburg, Va.
YARBOROUGH, HOWARD BURT.....Palm Beach, Fla.

The Junior Lawyers

"I know you lawyers can with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favor every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence."



HE poet who launched the foregoing jibe at the disciples of Blackstone was doubtless one of those benighted persons who persist in clinging to the ridiculous idea that the sole requisites for success in the legal profession are an unbounded elasticity of conscience and a facility for distorting the truth. Now, we have good reason to believe that this self-same ridiculous impression still finds favor with the ungenerous and the untaught, for it is a notorious fact that parents who have sons possessed of these admirable traits usually decide to make lawyers of them. Furthermore, the patronage of a liberal proportion invariably falls to Washington and Lee. It logically follows that each succeeding fall witnesses the arrival here of a number of these promising youths, and that these same youths are, of their *malice aforethought*, prepared to "get a corner" on legal wisdom, and in so doing, learn all the so-called tricks of the profession.

But Dean Vance, in his opening lectures, tells us that this belief is baseless; that the much-maligned legal profession is *ab initio* and *per se* the noblest of them all; and then, with versatile arguments of a true lawyer, proceeds to convince us that lawyers are a necessary evil; that without them the pillars of justice would topple, and that society would become a chaos of personal conflicts and disputes. Henceforth, let the layman beware how, in the presence of a junior law man, he makes disparaging remarks regarding the reputation of lawyers for honesty and veracity, for such insinuations will be promptly and indignantly refuted.

Fully appreciating, therefore, the importance of thoroughly preparing himself for the worthy purpose of upholding truth and justice, defending the weak and innocent, (and, incidentally, making a fee) the junior lawyer at once engages himself in voraciously devouring an indiscriminate mass of Blackstone and Clark, Hopkins' cases and other cases, little suspecting that he is thereby laying the foundation for a very troublesome case of legal indigestion. This plan works nicely for a few days, until the continuous round of search and research becomes burdensome and wearing to mind and body, and leads the average Junior into wishing he had never undertaken so momentous a task. He who has had the advantage of a preliminary academic course longs in vain for the friendly "jack," and he who has not been thus fortunate, now concludes that he is a jack.

Why is it that professors, Pharoah-like, will assign such arduous and unreasonable tasks? What warrant have they to ask so many useless and impertinent questions, apparently for no other purpose than to reduce the student's "batting average?" And when a fellow strikes a rough place and appeals to one of them for assistance, why do they meet him with the unfeeling demand that the *unstable* difficulty be stated, seemingly indifferent to the obvious fact that therein lies the difficulty? These perplexing questions, constantly racking the brain of the "jack," unanswerable then, now and forever, only serve to divert his attention from his books, and involve him deeper in the slough of despair.

But it must not be inferred that the Junior Law Class of this year has been entirely without diversion, for,

Be it remembered, That one John T. White, Jr., on or about the 5th day of December, A. D., 1902, at lecture, did then and there deliver an elaborate disquisition upon "hoss-training," both as to its legal and ethical aspects, much to the elation of the students assembled; and,

Your orator further alleges, that "Judge" Smith, upon the occasion of his argument in *Kinney's Case*, did learnedly discuss the metamorphosis of the Ethiopian; and that "Senator" Howell has many times contributed to the happiness of his fellow-students by his outbursts of passionate eloquence, *et seq.*

Some students are students in verity; others are students in *moiety*; and still others are students in name only. The class of this year has a full representation of each grade, and each grade is worthy of remark.

Of the first, little need be said. In student parlance, those who go to make it up are called "sharks." They delve in books; they eat with their books before them; when they retire they take their books to bed with them. Bright visions of the *wool-sack* enchant their dreams, and the thought of a life devoted to connecting up and disentangling those elusive threads of logic, the weft and warp of the fabric of law, is a source of exquisite pleasure to them.

More could be said of the second class, if for no other reason, because it is by far the largest. They are just called "students," about the only mark of *distinction* they have or ever get. For the sake of observation, let us direct our attention to one of them at about the fourth week of the session. We find him suffering acutely from an attack of the legal indigestion aforesaid, brought on, no doubt, by over-indulgence at the tree of knowledge, in frantic endeavor to *re-coup* after an extended fast. He is the one who suffers most cruelly from "Daddy's" stereotyped "if so, why so?" He it is, who, keeping "o' the windy side of the law," persists, during the recitations, in asking questions which he can answer himself, but rarely answering any questions put to him. Conceit tells him that he is the most astute lawyer in the class, and he is ever ready to deliver an *opinion* off-hand, if auditors can be found.

To the third class we bequeath a *vested remainder* of "post-graduate" work in Junior tickets, hereby designating Professors Vance, Burks and Long as *ex-e-cutors*, and desire that no bond for the faithful performance of their duties be required of them.



Roll of Engineering Department

SENIOR

JAMES WARREN BAGLEY, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$	Tennessee
*HENRY HALL, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$	Alabama
RICHARD ALEXANDER RUFF.....	Virginia
SAMUEL CAMPBELL WILSON.....	Virginia

INTERMEDIATE

JAMES BYRNSIDE AKERS.....	Virginia
HARRY NEAL HUSE.....	Virginia
FRANK HANSBROUGH IDEN.....	Virginia
ROBERT EDWARD JOHNSTON.....	Virginia
ROBERT EDWARD LEE KOLB.....	Maryland
HUBERT SHIELDS MOORE.....	Virginia
LEWIS CARLTON PAYNE.....	Virginia
AMERICUS DAWSON TRUNDLE, ΣN	Maryland

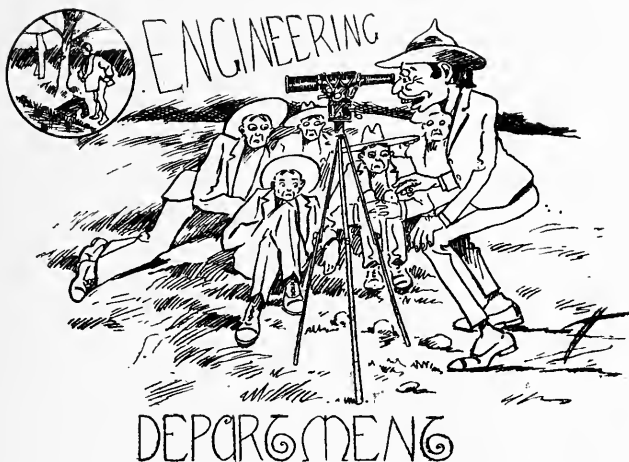
SURVEYING

GEO. HENRY CARPENTER, JR.	W. Va.	ROBT. WHITE MCCRUM, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$	Va.
EDWARD STONESTREET DAWSON, $X \Phi$, Md.		WM. EDWARD MONTGOMERY, Wash., D. C.	
FRANK THOMAS DOTSON.....	W. Va.	HUBERT SHIELDS MOORE.....	Va.
RAY ADDISON DOUGLAS.....	W. Va.	JNO. ALEXANDER MOORE, $\Phi K \Sigma$	Va.
WALTER HANNA DUNLAP, $\Sigma A E$	Va.	GEO. CARSON SCARBOROUGH.....	Va.
GEORGE GILMORE GILBERT.....	Tex.	JNO. ENGELHARDT SCOTT.....	Va.
JNO. SHARSHALL GRASTY, $K A, \Theta NE, \Sigma$	Va.	JNO. WILLIAM WARNER, $\Delta T \Delta$	Md.
HARRY NEAL HUSE.....	Va.	JAMES HENRY WAUGH.....	Va.
EDWIN CARTER SANDIS, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$	Ill.	JERRY ANDREW WILLOUGHBY.....	Va.
ALFRED OLIVER LOMBARD.....	Ga.		

GRAPHICS

CLARENCE ELTON BIRCH.....	Va.	CHAS. MERCER MCCRUM, ΣN	Va.
GEO. HENRY CAPERTON, JR.....	W. Va.	ROBT. WHITE MCCRUM, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$	Va.
JAS. HOWARD CATHER.....	Va.	HUBERT SHIELDS MOORE.....	Va.
JAS. DOUGLAS CAUSEY, $\Delta T \Delta$	Va.	JNO. ALEXANDER MOORE, $\Phi K \Sigma$	Va.
EMORY CLAY CRUM.....	Md.	HARRISON REED MORSE.....	Mass.
CLARENCE RAY CUNINGHAM, $K A$	W. Va.	WALTER BENJAMIN PERKINS.....	Miss.
EDWARD STONESTREET DAWSON, $X \Phi$	Md.	HENRY JOSEPH RAPHEL.....	Md.
CHARLES AUGUSTUS DUNLAP.....	Va.	TOWSON EASTHAM SMITH.....	Va.
WALTER HANNA DUNLAP, $\Sigma A E$	Va.	JAS. PICKENS WALKER, $\Delta T \Delta$	W. Va.
JNO. SHARSHALL GRASTY, $K A, \Theta NE, \Sigma$	Va.	CLARENCE EDWIN WALLACE.....	Mass.
CHAS. BOWEN HOWRY, JR., ΣAE , Wash., D. C.		AMERICUS FREDERICK WHITE, $M \Pi A$, W. Va.	
HARRY NEAL HUSE.....	Va.	JERRY ANDREW WILLOUGHBY.....	Va.
PAUL LAMAR IRONS.....	W. Va.	JULIUS HENNEN WILLS.....	Va.
ALFRED OLIVER LOMBARD.....	Ga.		

* Died Dec. 12, 1902.



IN the days long ago, when the memory of the papa of his country was fresh in the minds of men, the youth of the land came to sit within the "classic walls" of Washington College, and to swallow great slugs of knowledge as they fell from the generous minds of those ancient instructors. Faithful were these students in attendance upon this Temple of Knowledge, and much did they seek to unearth hidden treasure. In all that they did there was evidence of mysterious learning. Into the rear of this building went up students every day, uttering long Greek sentences, and upon their brows were the lines of care and much anxiety. Xenophan and his work to them was very dear, while to another throng the lines of Petronius were smooth and full of the greatest beauty. In yet another group could be heard discussions on the deeds of the ancient nations. Of Rameses and the Egyptian dynasty they knew very much; yea, there were many casaubons among those students who sought a "Key to all Mythologies."

Such was the state of affairs long ago; but there came a great change in the land—material development, wonderful discoveries, such as: that water, when heated very hot, was wondrous strong; a revolution in learning took place, and its influence reached even unto this College in the quiet valley. With its new learning it waxed strong and spread, and its buildings grew outward and upward. Unto this offspring was given the name Purgatory, for in it could be seen the portal with Dante's inscription.

Time, however, has done much to divest this name of its past dread associations, and the engineering student of today looks with pleasure on this birthplace of his knowledge.

Come with me, reader (if you are not exhausted by climbing the many steps that lead to this Hall of Science) and see the inner working of this Purgatory.

No, I did not say "that is Sir Humphrey Davy in the professor's chair." 'Tis true that he did much for science, but he has been gathered to his fathers long since; and in our chair sits Sir Davy Humphreys. Upon him the Goddess of Justice has beamed her richest smile and he hath imbibed her spirit. Being full of wisdom in that whereof he speaks, and ruling our little kingdom with moderation and long-suffering, Sir Davy has won the affection and regard of all his pupils.

His patience is often sore put to the test; for among his scholars are many whose years are far, far from the sere and yellow leaf; yea, for whose brightness to appear, it needs must be that they be saturated with kerosene and applied to the flame.

Listen, even now, to that rosy-cheeked youth crying out in his distress to the Professor, "How shall I draw a straight line between two points?" when in his hand he holds a pencil and ruler. But hear that wise Sophomore, when asked what is the first adjustment of the transit, speaks forth of the stories of his knowledge, "Sir, to make the verticle axis horizontal."

Reader, my time is up; I must pass from the scene, and in passing, let me tell you what has been my observation: All the men whom I have known that have gone out as civil engineers have looked back with hearts full of love and admiration for the man who gave them their profession at W. & L. U.



Nonsense Verses

There once was a heathen Chinese,
Who foolishly put out to sea
 With naught but his queue
 And a puppy or two,
That foolish, benighted Chinese!

I know a *young* fellow named Burks,
From dawning till midnight he works,
 And the hogsheads of oil
 He consumes in his toil,
I'm sure would astonish the Turks.

I know a young fellow named Gibbs,
Excessively given to fibs;
 Should the mercury go
 Out o' sight o' zero,
"Gee whiz! I'm quite roasted," says Gibbs.

There once was a lovelorn young Mister,
Who took a trip to Buena Vista:
 There was a girl in the case,
 And to judge from his face,
She was dearer by far than a sister?

A fellow from St. Augustine,
Versed in guiding young maidens so green,
 Likes his lions to show
 When deep buried in snow,
Only traces of them may be seen.

The Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT (to Jan. 1, 1903)	C. F. SPENCER
PRESIDENT (from Jan. 1, 1903)	C. R. BLAIN
VICE-PRESIDENT	A. M. HAMILTON
SECRETARY	M. T. MCCLURE
TREASURER	LEROY THOMPSON

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES

Reception, C. F. SPENCER

Handbook, C. F. WATTS

DEVOTIONAL

(a) A. M. HAMILTON, Sunday
(b) F. A. MAGRUDER, Tuesday
(c) R. T. WALLACE, Friday
Bible Study, LEROY THOMPSON

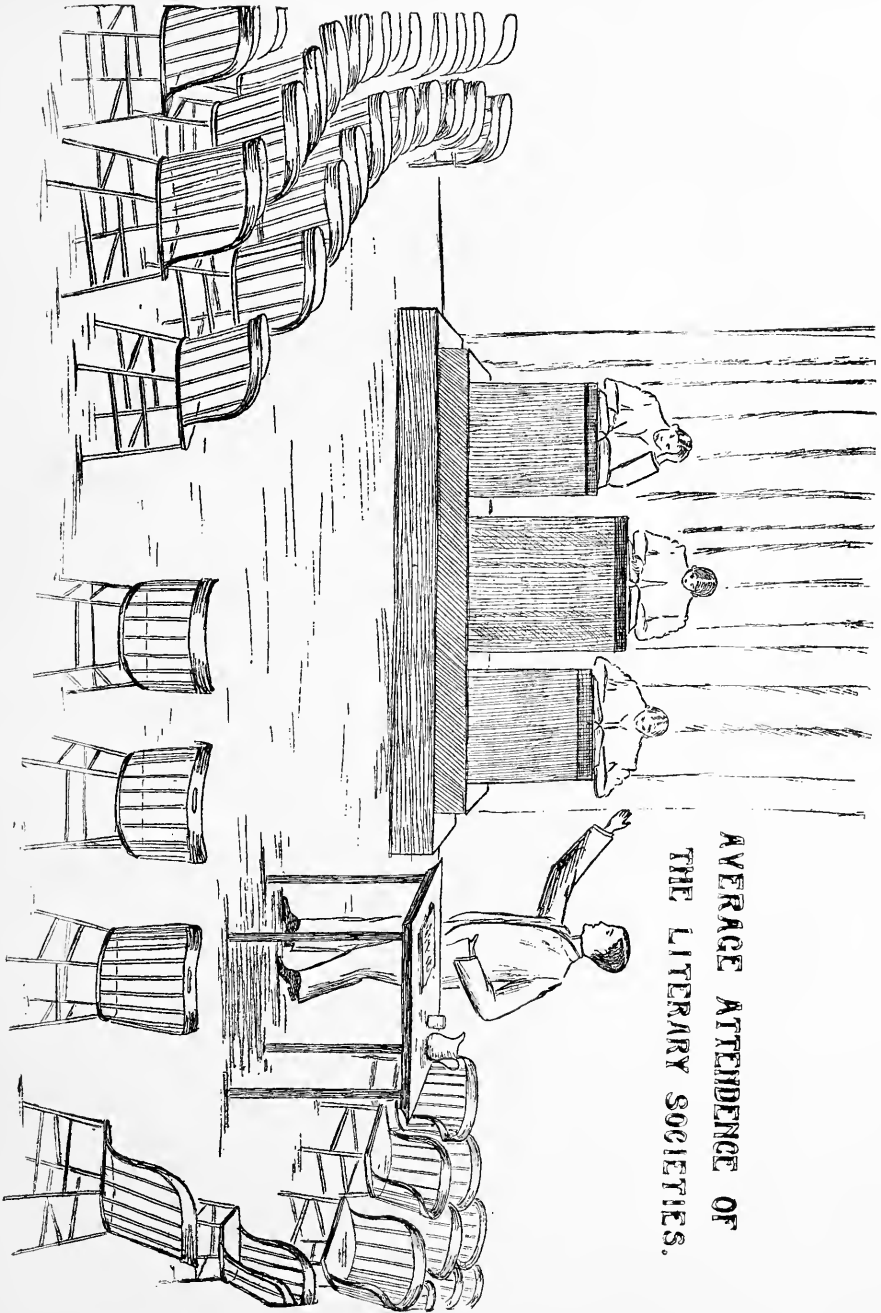
Mission, W. G. McDOWELL, JR.
Finance, LEROY THOMPSON
Membership, C. C. McNEILL
Cuban Fund, H. W. HAMILTON,

It is impossible to find out when religious services were first held among the students of what is now Washington and Lee; but the first record of any definite organization for such a purpose is found in the records for the session of 1835-6, where it is stated that the men organized the Friday Evening Prayer Service in the dormitory of Washington College. This continued to be held with great success till the time of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and, in fact, has been merged into the present Friday Evening Prayer Meeting.

Toward the end of the session of 1865-6, an effort was made to organize the Christians of the College into a branch of the Y. M. C. A. This was accomplished with the aid and encouragement of Gen. Lee, and the first president to serve was Dr. G. B. Strickler, now Rector of the University. A library and reading room were started, which were afterward merged into those of the University. A mission chapel was built at House Mountain in 1869, where a resident missionary, assisted by student volunteers and other friends of the work, now ministers weekly. Other departments have been added as the work has expanded, till today the Y. M. C. A. of the University works along the most advanced lines known to the world-wide organization.

The following is a brief outline of the work of the year, that friends of the Association may know just what is being done: The membership and interest shown, both by attendance on its services and by active co-operation, exceed those of any previous year for a decade. Nearly one-fifth of the men in the University are enrolled in a four years' course of systematic Bible study. Systematic giving has been so developed that the amounts collected bid fair to exceed the amount pledged by a third. The historical and rational study of missions is pursued by a class composed largely of those who intend personally to engage in that work. Series of life-work meetings and evangelistic services have been held with good success. Strong delegations have represented the University at every convention and conference to which the Association is eligible; and they have brought back the ripest thoughts and most advanced methods of Y. M. C. A. work to enliven it and keep it in the line of steady progress. In fact, the whole retrospect is one to cause hope for the future and faith in its steady and increasing usefulness in the service of its Master and its fellowmen.

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE OF
THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.





THE Graham-Lee Society was one of the first three college literary societies organized in this country, its organization dating from January 19, 1809, under the name of the Graham Philanthropic Society. On its long roll of members many names appear which have received distinction in public and scholastic life.

The records of the Society are complete from the time of Hunter's raid, during the Civil War, at which time the previous records were destroyed. The annual celebration of the Society is held on January 19th, which is both the anniversary of the Society's organization, and of Gen. R. E. Lee's birth, in whose honor the Society was partially named. At these celebrations medals for oratory and debating are awarded.

OFFICERS

C. R. BLAIN, ALBERT STEEVES, JR., C. R. PILKINGTON.....	Presidents
C. R. PILKINGTON, O. T. JONES, J. F. BOUCHELLE.....	Vice-Presidents
C. R. BLAIN, D. V. GUTHRIE, C. F. WATTS, CARLYLE PEEK.....	Secretaries
M. T. McCLURE.....	Treasurer
L. M. MOFFETT, E. C. CRUM.....	Censors
M. T. McCLURE.....	Critic

GRAHAM-LEE MEDALISTS

DEBATERS

1867 GIVENS BROWN STRICKLER.....Va.	1887 J. H. SMITH.....Ore.
1868 J. HARVEY McLEARY.....Tex.	1888 J. A. QUARLES.....Va.
1869 GEO. BODDIE PERTERS, JR....Tenn.	1889 J. Q. CHAMBERS.....Mo.
1870 WM. LAMBDIN PROCTER.....Tex.	1890 E. M. JACKSON.....Mo.
1871 JAS. BATOP STUBBS.....Tex.	1891 W. P. JOHNSON.....Va.
1872 JOS. WILLIS TAYLOR.....Tex.	1892 H. S. POWELL.....Ark.
1873 ANGUS NEAL GORDON.....Ky.	1893 A. E. REAMS.....Ore.
1874 HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER...Va.	1894 J. W. WOOL.....Va.
1875 MILES MACON MARTIN.....Va.	1895 H. V. CANTER.....Va.
1876 BENJAMIN W. BETTIS.....S. C.	1896 C. F. MYERS.....Va.
1877 WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE.....Va.	1897 D. K. CAMERON.....Cal.
1878 FREDERICK COCKEREL.....Tex.	1898 E. R. PRESTON.....Va.
1879 WM. FRANKLIN PAXTON.....Mo.	1899 R. W. WITHERS.....Va.
1880 ALFRED WINSTON GAINES.....Ky.	1900 W. J. LAUCK.....W. Va.
1885 A. P. TAYLOR.....Va.	1901 W. C. BRECKENRIDGE.....Va.
1886 J. G. SCOTT.....Va.	1902 M. T. McCLURE, JR.....Va.

DECLAIMERS

1871	EDW. MANSFIELD KIRTLAND.	Tenn.	1879	ALFRED W. MARSHALL.	Ky.
1872	FREDERICK HUGH HEISKELL.	Tenn.	1880	THOMAS BARRETT.	Ga.
1873	ROBT. REYNOLDS BENTLY.	Va.	1892	A. E. STRODE.	S. C.
1874	BENJAMIN W. BETTIS.	S. C.	1893	J. FISHBURN.	Va.
1875	SAMUEL JORDAN GRAHAM.	Va.	1894	R. A. BAKER.	Fla.
1876	GEO. EARLES CHAMBERLAIN.	Miss.	1895	C. F. MYERS.	Va.
1877	GEO. ANDERSON ROBINSON.	Ky.	1896	L. H. WILLIS.	Ky.
1878	SAMUEL JACK, JR.	Tenn.			

ORATORS

1897	J. S. McCLEUER	W. Va.	1900	B. D. CAUSEY	Va.
1898	H. W. ANDERSON	Va.	1901	B. B. SHIVELY	Ind.
1899	WM. J. BRYAN	Fla.	1902	JACK KING	Fla.



The Washington Literary Society



WHEN one sits in the spacious Washington Hall and looks about him at the rows of men that constitute his fellow-members, and listens to the matchless oratory (in the embryo) that will one day sway a congregation, convince a jury, or thrill the nation; if the censor be not looking, he may close his eyes a moment, and in the secret of his thoughts become retrospective, as he wonders what was the origin and what the past history of his Society. If the wonder surpasses mere idle curiosity, I would recommend that his next rainy evening be spent in the dusty stackroom where are stored all the records of the Society, where the musty tomes will well repay his efforts to decipher the curious scrawls of some ninety years ago.

The first conception of the Washington Society is shrouded in the hoary mystery of the past. Evidently its founders were faithful to their vows not to divulge any of their proceedings, for no minutes were kept till 1814, though the Society came into existence two years previously, in 1812. Its origin, like that of its sister society, was somewhat as follows: In somebody's room, in the old main dormitory, several fellows, who usually ran together, gathered to form some visible bond of fraternal union; for in those days the Greek-letter fraternities were not in vogue. At that time, when the eloquence of Virginia's statesmen ruled the national councils, every Virginian aspired to be another Patrick Henry; so the first feature of this Society for mutual help was a literary one. All books were to be held in common in one man's room, to which all were to have access. Thus a library was started. All the members swore mighty oaths, in true fraternal style, to stand by one another and by the Society. Exactly what initiation ceremonies were performed there are no ways of knowing; but they probably gave the new men an orthodox "goating," as inferred from the statement of a latter amendment to the constitution, that the ceremonies therein set forth were to be used to the exclusion of all bodily injuries. The spirit of the founders is well shown by the name they chose for their organization and by their motto, "Scientia et Amicitia."

The Washington Society, thus started on its fraternal career, was very select for some time. Then the spirit of jealousy crept in, and the two rival societies of College started out to see which could get the most men. It became the proper thing for a man to belong to one or the other. So fierce did the rivalry become that, first, the town boys were admitted, then the classical school boys, then the cadets of the V. M. I. The societies were given their present hall when the third story was added to the main building; and since they were so close, and since there was such rivalry, exciting times often followed. In fact, society life became the main thing in College. The Faculty complained that men neglected their classes for the societies, and declared that it must stop. This led to a great feud between the Faculty and the student-body. The latter dared not openly defy authority, but they operated through the town members. These, not being subject to College discipline, made life a burden to the Faculty, till that body forbade them to enter the College grounds. The societies then moved

into quarters uptown and bodily challenged the Faculty to break them up. The Faculty then began in their turn to use the townspeople against the students. They got up a petition to the Board of Trustees, asking them to prohibit the societies from coming up town, alleging that "the element of the baser sort do, in the quiet hours of the night, with much unseemliness of songs and yells and horrid noises, disturb the peace and slumber of the citizens, to the subversion of law and godliness"; in other words, *a la* West Virginia Club. This had the desired effect, for the trustees gave the rebels their choice of submitting or of rustivating. Accordingly, the societies returned to their old quarters, and secession had its first lesson.

When the societies had public celebrations, the most elaborate and impressive ceremonies were undertaken. Each society marched in a body, with its banners and badges, to the Presbyterian church, where all public functions were then held. These events were great days in all the country side, and truly magnificent efforts were put forth to make each celebration record-breaking. Many were the features introduced, until they all dwindled into insignificance beside the brilliant inspiration of one who moved (January 29th, 1840) "that the Washington Society invite the young ladies of the Ann Smith Academy to be present at our exercises"; and forthwith the first "Wash. Calic Meeting" was held in grand style. Since then it has always had a warm place in the feminine heart of the community.

As the stirring times of the Civil War drew on, many were the debates on the rights of slavery and secession; they were invariably decided in the negative. Suddenly, from the first of April, 1861, the minutes stop for two years; for the Washington Society now formed part of the Liberty Hall Volunteers, in Stonewall Jackson's Brigade; the theories of debate had given place to the realities of action, as they went to battle and to death, to victory and immortal fame. When at length the minutes are resumed they are but the sombre records of eulogies of brothers slain in battle, and of vain efforts to sustain hopes that were fast fading away. And when, at last, the sun sank on Appomattox, the Washington Society, animated with the true spirit of the South, turned to the task of snatching victory from a seeming defeat.

With the inauguration of General R. E. Lee as President of Washington College, a new era opened in the annals of the societies, as well as in everything else. The societies became wholly literary. They established a magazine and started on broader lines of literary activity. Men of genius, who had ripened into being by the hard necessities of war, filled the Washington Society with some of the spirit of their indomitable leader. On the foundation that they laid we of a later generation have builded. They went forth to adorn every wall of life. One of them established the Lantin Prize. And among them we yet have the staunchest alumni of their Alma Mater.

So the task of upholding the honor of the "Old Wash." has descended upon us. For the present session we can say, in all due modesty, that its honor has not suffered at our hands. The society today stands on a firmer basis than it has done for years. The quality of the average literary work done by her members is rising steadily. May the good work go on.

Thus in brief, gentle reader, you have before you the history of the Washington Literary Society. The place it has filled in the life and history of Washington and Lee is no mean one. Her members have been loyal and true to their Alma Mater. They have stood before nations and kings and illustrated the lessons and principles that they received from her. They have influenced public thought from the bench, the pulpit, and legislative forum. They have become known to the world as writers of its best fiction. They have moulded public policy through the influence of the press. They have cleansed the ballot of nearly every Southern state. In every walk of life they have honored the training which they here received. So let it be always. May they ever win the honors of debate and the smiles of woman; adorn every walk of life and every virtue; receive the reward of merit, and honor their Alma Mater!

Bill's Visit to the "Wash."



ILL dropped into my room the other evening with a rare collection of smiles scattered about in a careless manner over his face. I knew by this infallible sign that there was something doing in his mind, so I prudently waited until he had filled his pipe with Durham and had drawn up a rocking chair in front of the fire. After smoking for a time in silence he blurted out:

"Say, was yez ever to the Wash.?"

"No," I replied, "what is it?"

"The Wash." said he, "is a bunch of students what roosts up on the top floor of the main building of a Saturday night, see! and there they hands out bunches of talk and hot air on all the questions of the day, see! They discusses any old question what comes along, and say, Jack, its as good as a circus to hear them guys spout."

With this lengthy remark Bill relapsed into a deep silence and smoked steadily for some moments.

"Go on Bill, tell me about your visit there."

Laying down his pipe on the arm of the chair, he began: "I was just this way. Last Saturday night there was nothing doing in the pool room fer me, so I decides to improve me mind and to blow in to the 'Wash.' The 'Wash.,' you know, is the shorthand fer the Washington Literary Society.

"As I was just after telling you, 'tis on the top floor of the main building. When I come in the building I looks around fer the allegator ter shoot fer the top floor, but a lad standing near the stairs sings out, 'the lift is busted.' I knew it was up to me to climb them stairs, so I gets busy and digs hard, and in about five minutes I arrives at the top floor with all me wind spilted entirely and me head buzzing round like a top. It sure is a climb up them stairs, and that's no gas house gossip either.

"As I entered the Wash. Hall a lad by the name of Gilbert shot out the great, glad hand to me, and so I extended me own happy palm, and we clinched fer a moment.

"We're glad ter see you," says he.

"Thanks, a whole lot," says I.

"Would youse like to look around some before the game begins."

"Sure," I says, ready ter stay in the game at any price.

"Its just this way," says he, "this Society takes its name from one or Mr. Ott's friends, who eats at that new boardinghouse in Washington, the White House, they calls it. The object of the bunch is to elucidate the questions of the day, and to

expatriate on the doings of the Faculty. These pictures on the walls are former members. 'Tis me dying wish to be suspended in the Wash. room," says he, with a look towards Heaven.

"About this time another lad goes up to the big desk and swung a mallet fer some time, and they were off in a bunch, with honors even. They calls the roll, and after awhile the Secretary gets out the bill of fare, and the first man up is Miller, fer a declamation.

"He says, says he, 'I have chosen fer me subject this evening that beautiful poem, 'The Hens Will Lay No More.' With that he gives us the most heart-rendering story of the mental struggles of a hen that yez ever heard in yez life. One-half of the crowd burst inter tears, while the other half looked at the stove fer a space of a few moments after he cut the tale off.

"When the tears were mopped off the floor and quiet was restored, the little runt, Irons, read the next course.

"'Kelly.' As good luck would have it the gent wasn't there with the goods, so Irons sung out: 'The next is an oration by Mr. Cromer.'

"'Twas the peach of the evening. I say Jack, Booker T. wasn't in it with dat guy. He just naturally handed out bunches of the United States language in a way to thrill yez through and through. It was the subject of poetry in hand. He says, says he, 'Poetry is the highest expression that the race has, at all, at all, and that the poets was our teachers. They learns us everything that's good.' He run over the names of some of the poets what had been been of great comfort to him. Shakespeare, when he wrote 'The Raven,' and Milton when he wrote, 'That Old Sweetheart of Mine,' done the race a turn that can never be repaid. Withers' poetry aud that of Moseley is full of hope fer a downtrodden race. Then he says there is poets as mistakes perspiration fer inspiration. The poem that went to his heart was the one about 'Sunny Jim, and what Force done fer him.' He said in dat poem was all sorts of lessons fer the race in general. He jammed a bunch of wind fer a half hour longer and then sat down with all the members giving him the merry ha! ha! all around.

"The next was the debate on the question: 'Resolved, That the method of eating soup by the aid of a sponge, now in use at The Blue Hotel, is the quickest and most expedient method possible.'

The lad named Gilbert, the same guy as showed me around the Hall, was the first man at the bat. His talk was an Ar corker, and that's no idle chatter. The language was grand, the logic was of the best brand.

"'Soup,' says he, 'soup is liquid food. It may be of several kinds, but 'tis essentially the same, whether it be chicken, bean, er rabbit. He then told us how it was made at The Blue. It consists fer the most part of H² O, but sometimes it contains foreign materials. He then produced figures proving the average responsibility of a chicken fer a soup of that variety. He then showed by the use of Math. I, the probability of finding an oyster in an oyster soup. Bean soup and the occurrence of beans, was demonstrated by chemistry. This is the way he tore on,

and wound up that part of the yarn by saying that the class in Surveying had calculated the probable nearness of a *bone fida* chicken to the soup served at The Blue the day before.

"He then took another task and said: 'The problem of carrying liquid food to the face has been the subject of the world's best thought. Ever since Adam and Eve ran that Real Estate Trust in Eden, down to the present day, the tools employed have varied widely. First 'twas the hands, then other weapons were tried, until it was decided to adopt the sponges at 'The Blue,' and one had only to see the system in actual operation to heartily favor the scheme. Therefore, honorable judges,' says he in closing, 'we place the soup in your hands. That is, er—the question under discussion.' With this remarkable finish he sat down, surrounded by great applause.

"Thompson spoke for the negative. He started in with a rush and scored in a few minutes of play.

"Our opponent has tried to show you that he has had experience with soups. Now, judges, you must know that soups at The Blue and soups elsewhere bear the same relations that the C. & O. does to its time table. Had he experienced the joys of chewing a soup, he would not advocate the sponge method. Historically speaking, he was correct, but failed to show, as that history nowhere tells us that the sponge method has been practiced before it was introduced at "The Blue." He lacks a precedent. His arguments are *in* the soup rather than *on* it.'

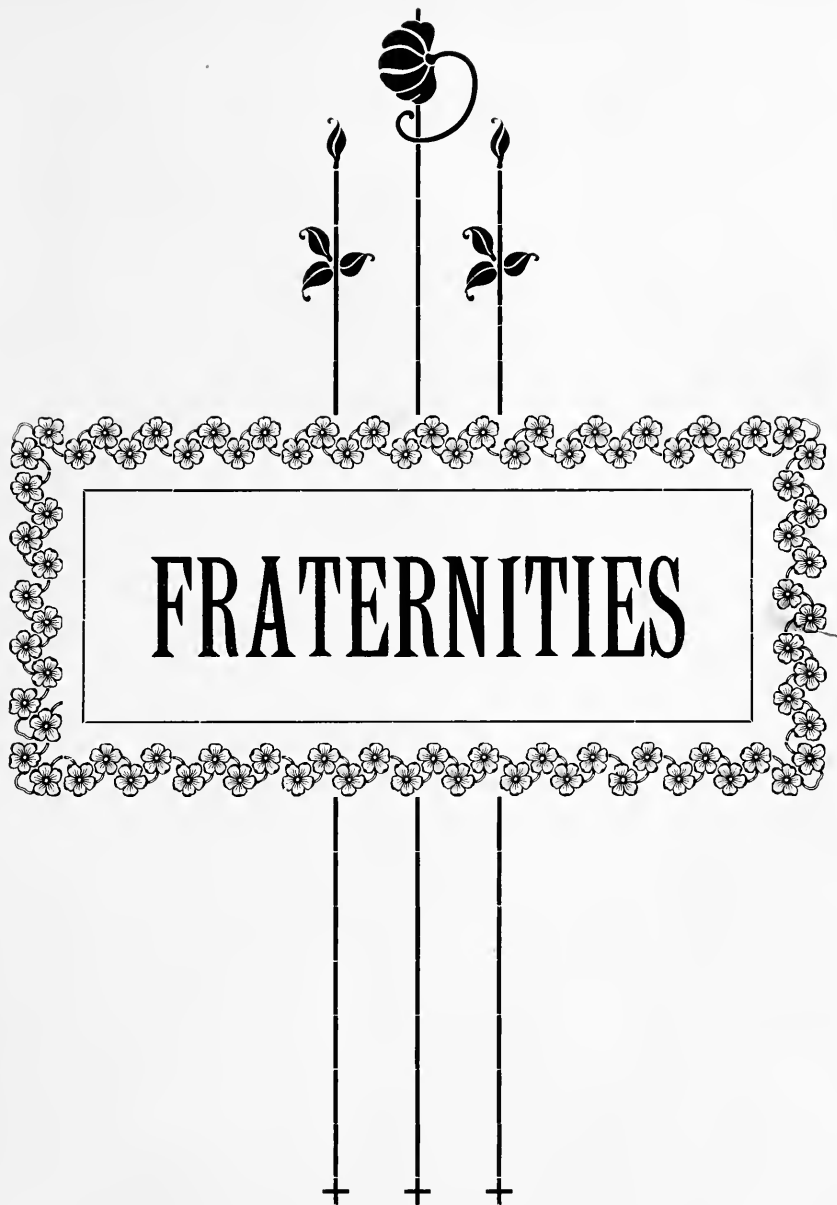
"Keeping up this fast clip, he runs on until a clap comes down on the desk with the mallet and his attack of mental football ceased.

"The judges then retired and returned a decision that the sponge was not responsible for its misapplication, but as most soups are strong enough to take care of themselves, therefore they decided in favor of the negative, and advised 'The Blue' to throw up the sponge.

"After a few more remarks by 'the man behind the desk' the meeting busted up, and I left fer home. Jack, me boy, 'tis a great thing to be a member of the Wash. Me heart goes out to them in their efforts to 'up-lift the race.'"

Bill rose from his chair, grabbed his lid and with a "Ta, Ta! Jack," left the room, but I have firmly resolved to pay the "Wash." a visit before I graduate.

F. C. M.



THE PHI KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY



Bledsoe

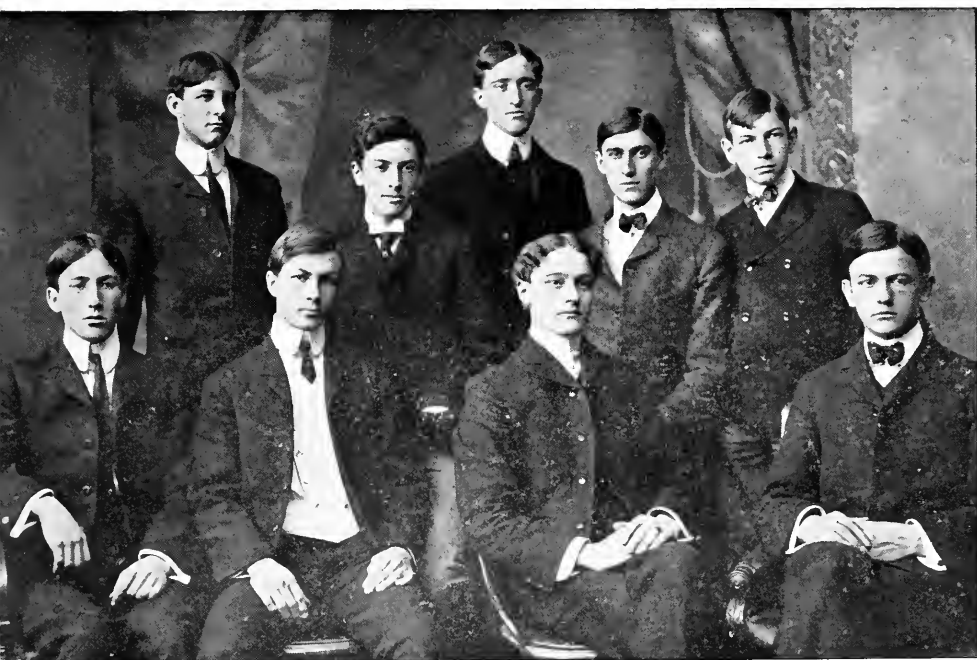
Hobbie

Lamar
Vance

Haw
Connover

Preston

THE SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON FRATERNITY



Osburn, N.

Thomas

Carle

Bennett
Arbuckle

Lee

Dunlap

Osburn, H. S.

THE PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY



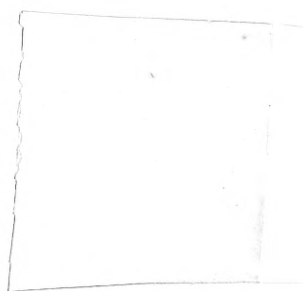
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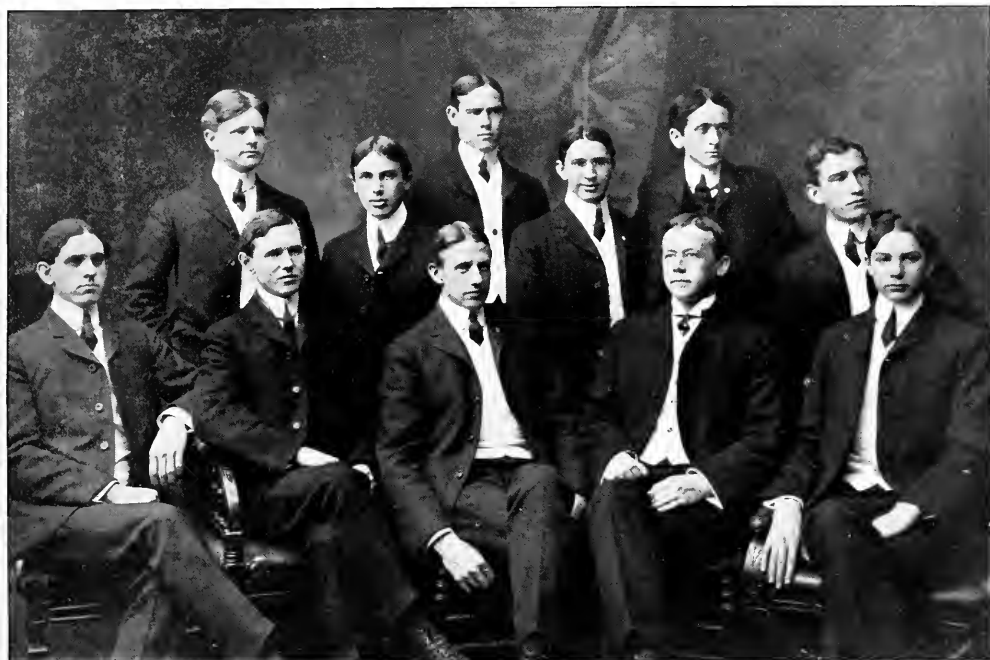
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Tarr

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Campbell, C. N.

McCulloch

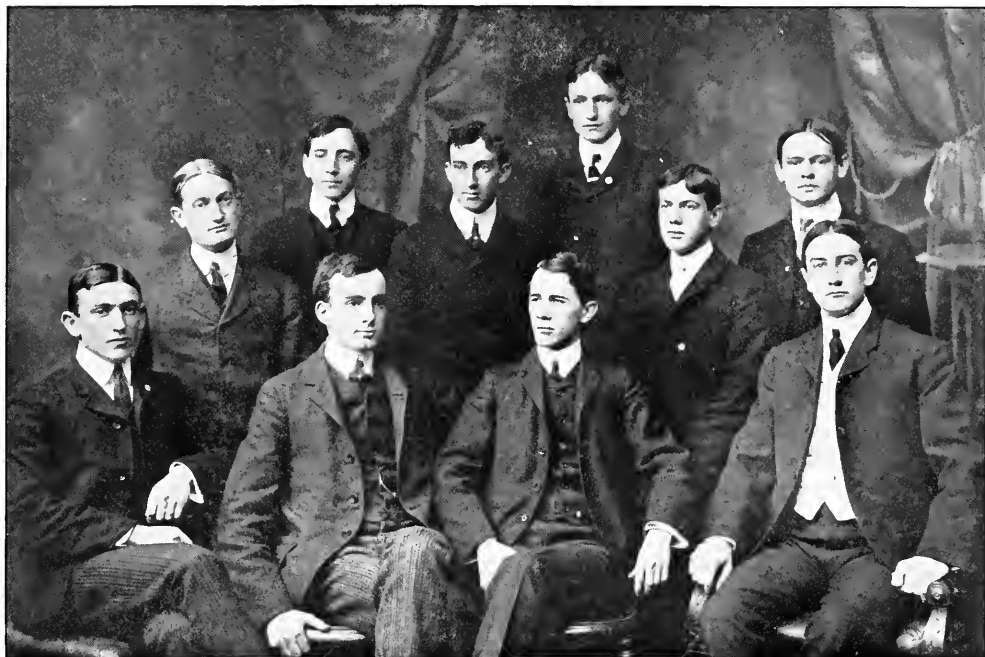
McKay
McNulty

Poindexter

Moore, J. A.
Moore, F.

Collins
Rader, F.

THE MU PI LAMBDA FRATERNITY



Baker	Witt	Lauck	White, A. F.	Witt	Sampson	Chevalier
		Lord		Duncan		Boogher

THE PHI GAMMA DELTA FRATERNITY



Landis
Holladay

Turnbull

Glasgow
Tabb

Farrow

Turnbull
McCrum

Alexander
McPheeters

Flournoy

THE DELTA TAU DELTA FRATERNITY



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		Warner		Stone		Pendleton		McNeil

KAPPA ALPHA, ALPHA CHAPTER

ESTABLISHED 1865

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E. W. NICHOLS	R. C. MARSHALL	J. H. CAMPBELL
H. C. FORD	JOHN L. CABELL	T. S. CARTER
FRANCIS MALLORY	T. MILTON	E. McD. MOORE
W. Z. JOHNSTONE	N. B. TUCKER	P. B. PEYTON
HUGH STOCKDELL	D. M. BERNARD	

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

JOSEPH RAGLAND LONG	JOHN HENRY LATANE
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Long		Grasty		Gill	Barclay		Latane

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DAVID WASHINGTON PIPES, JR.	

LAW

MAXIMUS MARCELLUS BROWN	WILLIAM BLOXHAM CRAWFORD
HALBERT RICHARDSON	HENDERSON

ACTIVE CHAPTERS 43.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS 25.

THE PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY



Coleman

McBryde

Bagley

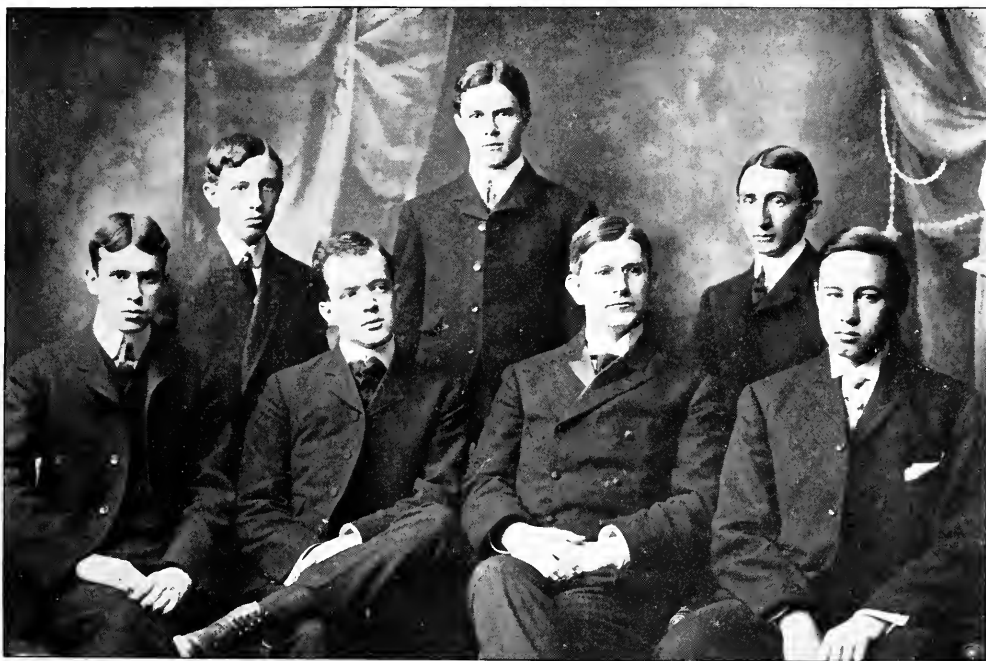
Witherspoon

Campbell, M. D.

Semmes

Absent when photo was taken—T. M. Mann and R. E. Jenkins

THE SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY



Shields

Dickerman

Conrad

Price

Denny

Burks

Buzby



THE THETA NU EPSILON FRATERNITY

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PANCAKE, J. C

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BAGLEY, I. N.

PORISE, J. E

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DUNCAN, A. M.

TURNER, J. P.

GRASTY

LAUCK, W. J.

GILL, J. M. B.

HAW, G. E.

THE SIGMA FRATERNITY



CONRAD
BAGLEY
GRASTY
STEVES
TABB

ARBUCKLE
PANCAKE
WALKER
OSBURN, H. S.
MOORE, G. D.

D. BARKLEY
TURNER
LAUCK
BURKS

GILL
PRICE
HAW
DAWSON

WASHINGTON & LEE

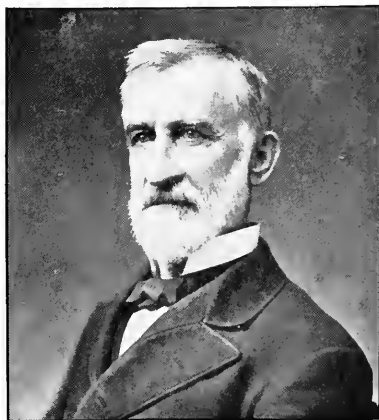
1843 ^{AND} 1900

'43

To the Editor of The Calyx:

DEAR SIR—As regards the request with which you honor me to give you a brief account of Washington College during the time that I was a student, I can say that I was there only one session, that of 1843-4. I and three others from Paxton's School, some eight miles distant, entered, and on examination by the Faculty "passed muster" on Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, and at the end of the session were each awarded the degree of A. B.

The Faculty was composed of Dr. Henry Ruffin, President, and teacher of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Belle Lettres and Criticism; he was a man of



WM. A. GLASGOW

great learning and broad scholarship, and was of great ability; Dr. George D. Armstrong, of Chemistry and Physics generally; George E. Dabney, of Latin and Greek and Ancient Literature; Rev. Phils Calhoun, of Mathematics.

The training in Latin and Greek then required a more extensive reading of ancient authors than now, the students learning more of the history, philosophy and mythology of the times than is now learned, at present the aim being to train the mind in the construction of the language, that the student may be able to do the reading himself

without help. I was of opinion that the teaching was faithful and thorough in all the departments.

The buildings consisted of the present centre building, with "Paradise" on the north, and "Paradise Found" at equal distance from the centre on the south. The centre building was laid off into a hall on the second story, known as the "Robinson Hall," used for morning roll-call and public entertainments; the halls for the Washington and Graham Societies, in the third story, and the rest divided into class rooms and lodging rooms for students. Paradise was divided into lodging rooms, besides a large class-room in the second story; and the "Paradise Found," on the first floor, was Dr. Armstrong's apartment for Chemistry and Physics, the second floor for Dr. Ruffin's departments and library, and the third for lodging apartments. There were on the north and south of these buildings two long single-story buildings for lodging rooms—the one known as "Bat Alley," where the Library Building stands—and the other, "Buzzard Roost," on the present site of the Tucker Memorial Building. Most of the students roomed on the College premises and boarded at sundry places in the town.

Among the students were many clever fellows and good students; some of rare gifts for public speaking, but no one has appeared in the public eye as dazzling the world with brilliancy!

Among those I now recall are William H. Letcher, of Missouri, of rare talents for speaking, afterwards prominent in the practice of law, and in the Missouri Legislature; Thomas W. Doswell, of Bullfield, Hanover County, a capital man, for a while after the war sheriff of Richmond, and successfully engaged in breeding thoroughbred horses for the courses; in this respect he surpassed everyone in Virginia; Charles F. Collier, of Petersburg, Va., prominent as a lawyer, and member of the Virginia Assembly, and for some time Mayor of Petersburg; Peter Saunders, of Franklin County, Virginia, engaged in agriculture, and at times a member of the General Assembly; he, with myself alone, survive our graduating class of nine. These were students from Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Texas, Louisiana and North Carolina, many good men, all that I recall dead except Saunders and myself. The students, many of them, were prominent in their communities, but no one conspicuous in command of armies, or as leaders of popular assemblies. Many of them married pretty women, and are now represented by honored descendants.

There was no dancing hall—the round dance had not been invented—no balls; dancing was only at private houses; the reel and waltz only were known, and these never continued after midnight; no baseball, football, no golfing, no billiard or pool room; no tennis court, no gymnasium, no athletic grounds, no boating contests.

Among the most interesting incidents of the session were the anniversary of the Washington and Graham Societies, when the halls, adorned with flowers, were brightened by the soft charms of women, escorted hither by ingenuous youths of the Society, to be entertained by an oration from a member honored by the votes of the Society for that function, which was followed by a debate on some question of general interest, participated in by leading members, and sometimes by gentlemen thereto invited. These were most interesting occasions, for every student was a member of one of the societies. And the present students are commiserated that they are never to feel and see the soft charms of style and beauty which adorned such occasions, and can now only look on it as of the glorious past.

W. A. GLASGOW.

ECHOES FROM THE RECENT PAST

I once had a friend (his spirit is not now fettered by the flesh) who was a periodical consumer of morphia-sulphate.

I confessed to him that I was a cigarette fiend.

"Don't use that word 'fiend,' my friend," he protested, "it gives me the creeps."

Now, I call that downright over-sensitiveness.

This old world is full of sin; mistakes and follies are common liabilities; it is agreed that no man is without sin. Therefore, it is at least reasonable that he in whom a particular vice is pre-eminently obvious must be somewhat blameless in other respects. Then, too, sin is like most everything else. The "survival of the fittest" holds good. Let a man be a drunkard and lesser faults sink into oblivion. Let him play poker, and he can, with impunity, commit most grievous misdemeanors. Let him have a disregard for the amenities of good society, and no other vice is needful with which to fix his social status.

Vice is (and reasonably so) the great standard of measure in the body social. Vice is universal, being in one form or another common to all the units of society; it is a genus that is sub-divisible into countless species; and as a standard is absolutely accurate. It is



B. M. HARTMAN

also arbitrary, there being no natural reason why some vices should glorify and others condemn; why some should apply to one sex and not to another; hence, it is a most logical standard of measure, bearing all the invariable marks of a perfect standard.

As to its application, people differ; and hence the sub-divisions into which society is divided.

In my application I have to do with that society which governs the social status of the student-body, and have deemed it wise to choose this logical socio-metre.

If I have erred in mistaking virtue for vice, I apologize in humility, with the extenuating reflection that it largely depends upon the point of view.

The writer has been asked to pen the recent history of Washington and Lee.

"The history of a nation," says Carlyle, "is but a biography of its few great men"; and I have considered this description true, also, of our student-body.

The biography of a great man, and, more particularly of a student, is largely a history of his social life. And I have attempted to prove that his social status is largely determined by his characteristic vice.

In the short sketches following, none will be found auto-biographical.

The writer does not admire the recent drift of literature represented in the many "confessions" that glut the market. He prefers to be the victim of the murderer, rather than to adapt the *role* of the suicide.

He generously sends forth, however, a number of pen-photographs, as a slight tribute to those illustrious men who, in recent years, have perpetuated the institutions of their progenitors, and established innovations whose perpetuity will be the chief evidence of their excellence.

* * * * *

A STUDY IN WHITE AND BLACK

On a day about the middle of the first term of a recent session, he *re*-entered the student-life. His former associates were either in the professions or delving in the marts of trade. By his boasting reference to his Freshman days in the early nineties, he beguiled many Freshmen into a love for his society—yea, many strong men were brought within the influence of his powerful personality.

In the pool and billiard saloons he played long discounts. Among his fraters he talked glibly. At midnight he supped with the young on oysters and steaks. In the Literary Society his voice was often heard. In the class room his prowess was invincible. His blackboard descriptions defied even a Vance.

The Freshman began to admire; the Sophomore courted his companionship; the Junior accepted his hospitality; the dubious Senior was wont to remark: "Now, I wonder what can be his graft?"

He began at a social session of the Kentucky Club.

Many topics were discussed at this session. Representation in *THE CALYX* was determined upon and refreshments were served.

Finally, "like a thief in the night," his graft appeared. Drawing himself up to a small table, he began a game of solitaire, unconsciously whistling, "She was bred in Old Kentucky."

Just how the merger took place would be tedious reading. But through the intermediate stages of "Set-Back," "Casino" and "Hearts," stages that appeal to the innocent, there developed the great American game of draw-poker.

It is a "far call" from the Kentucky Club to Nelson street, and yet!!—but poker is a progressive game. It is ambitious, and sometimes seeks a home even in hotels.

It became under the patronage of this mighty man an institution.

Disciples have gone forth into foreign states to show to the denizens thereof how a Royal Flush can be whipped by a "Caloola," while Florida and Texas, in particular, applaud the innovations that bear the stamp of our classic culture.

* * * * *

A STUDY IN AMBER

He came north from the land of sunshine and flowers, bearing the unmistakable odor of pineapple and lemon; albeit, as Lexington was dry, drearily dry, he was soon prevailed upon to take it straight.

He early established "wireless" communication with the city of Staunton.

So scientifically did he perfect his system that before Christmas he could order on his way to "Contracts" at 9.15 and have the goods delivered before "Real Property" at half after ten.

Systems live long after their founders die.

Institutions exist after students become Alumni. This is but natural, for the light of dead stars is said to be even yet travelling earthward. This light will be a heritage long after we are gone.

So the schemes and systems developed by genius go on, like the world, "forever."

He is back in Florida, doubtless describing the beauties of executory devices, and may in time become a Marshall or a Choate; but his name will live in the annals of the student-body as a promoter—a promoter of the perfected systems of wireless telegraphy, and car-less-express between this town and the city of Staunton.



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A STUDY IN PINK

He did not *come* at all. He was indigenous to the soil. It is said that before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the figure of George had dignified our classic dome, the spirits of his ancestors taught equity and law to pre-historic man.

But he had not to do with men. Let coarser natures pass their genial jests, and blow their filthy smoke through poisoned lips. Let them lay and hatch their schemes of wicked vice. But in the winter evenings, when the welcome fire-light flickers on the "frills and furbeloes" of feminine finery; when the soft intonations of a sweeter voice than angels have, rise and fall like the gentle heavings of the peaceful sea, he is there. His evening dress is faultless. His shirt-front is immaculate. His hair is parted precisely parallel to his pointing nose.

He is there.

There to pour into her sympathetic ear weird tales of things that happen in the world. To swear that men are base and altogether bad.

That this old world, grown weary of the light, must peradventure recapitulate, unless the fair and gentler sex stoop down and lift it up.

Yes, he is there.

And when he goes away she thinks that only he is good and great; and tells her charming chum. The chum tells her's; and all the gentler sex bow down before this man, and ever after shun all other men.

* * * * *

A STUDY IN BROWN

He came, announced, in dignity and state, from where the Alligators croak their scorn. And scorning all that claimed to be Divine, he scorned the instincts of his race as well.

He claimed that fearful vice stalked forth in pride, and saw his mission clear to purify. He gathered around him loyal hearts and true; true to their leader's slightest wish and aim. He organized his minions, and his word became the highest law they knew to do. And so he slew the vice and went away amid the plaudits of his satellites.

* * * * *

A STUDY IN BRONZE

He was here when most of us arrived. Some of the ladies "who hold themselves out to furnish board and lodging" to thrifty students, say that they remember when he came.

His habitat is somewhat dubious. He is said to have at one time affiliated with the members of the West Virginia Club; but alumni of a sister state proudly regard him as their own; while he himself claims a prescriptive right to *bona fide* citizenship in the sovereign Commonwealth of Virginia.

He claimed a philosophy of life. He believed in "the religion of Sunshine."

This, perhaps, accounted for his smile. That smile was contagious, but hard to interpret. It meant sometimes that he was pleased, sometimes that he was angry, and at other intervals, that he was amused. It was the same smile, whether given in acknowledging a compliment or in doubting your veracity.

He was the original organizer of that green-ribbon conglomeration, whose views of life were said to be acid; and yet his disposition was bright, and his digestion, according to the Best Authority, most prolific.

His faults are hard to describe, for his indulgences were withal so temperate that he puzzled the Y. M. C. A., and caused the sharks to despair.

As a sinner, however, we may regard him a non-conformist.

He attended church or not, as it pleased him.

He openly disregarded all claims of the "Calic."

He studied or not, as it seemed best. He treated the Newcomb Hall *soirees* with exasperating indifference.

He clothed himself neither after the manner of Beau Brummel nor Lazarus. He wrote poetry, and yet was intensely prosaic.

He excelled in football and with the Albert-Sydney's; and found time for the Graham-Lee.

It is said that he knew not the taste of coca-cola.

He disregarded the claims of inconsistency altogether, and during a long sojourn

was so exasperatingly and tantalizingly stubborn that he gave no text wherewith scandal could hold its carnival.

Quietly he came.

Happily he remained "with a little wheel a-turnin' in his heart."

Gently he went away.

"Good bye, Saxy, old boy: good bye."

* * * * *

A STUDY IN GREEN

He, too, hailed from Kentucky.

Quietly he dawned upon Grangers, and with regular alternate impartiality scintillated between there and LaRowe's.

For him poker had no charms.

Bacchus tempted not.

Neither Venus nor Diana could lure him away.

At first he held a cue like a Pittsburger fishing for ocean trout.

Gradually he acquired the art. Slowly he learned the "angles and the diamonds." Finally, he became perfect.

In the days when the campus got green, and the ladies donned the fascinating shirt-waist, he would sit on the side-walk in one of the tall chairs, longingly looking for fellow-fiends. He cared not whether he won or lost. For what purpose was the monthly check, if not for pool?

It is said that his name never appeared on the University bulletins, but often on the ledgers of the genial 'Squire and the jovial John.

For him pool became a passion, and billiards a life-study.

Since that last summer of his sojourn in the classic hill-country, he has matched cues with the professionals of Richmond and other cities. He is said to have had other vices in the past, but his characteristic monomania still clings and must forever abide.

And so we left him in one of the Southern cities. In one of the "parlors" of a Blue Grass Hotel, he was too much occupied to bid us good bye, watching with the "jaundiced eye" the globular ivory rolling o'er the green, and awaiting in hypnotic spell for the answering click to his accurate aim.

* * * * *

A STUDY IN RAINBOW EFFECTS

He did not hail from any state at all;

For in his home all states their center find;

And from this center, stretching out her arms,

Columbia gathers all unto her breast.

So from this center, Cosmopolitan
 Was given to us, a great Cosmopolite.
 I find in him no vices to deride.
 In him all vice and virtue found their home.



In his quick brain were fashioned and conceived
 The many sins that make the ladies weep;
 And yet I know that not a single act
 Of this man ever made his brother mourn.
 His life with us was full of mirthful pranks,
 And yet his soul was full of human love;
 He laughed away his life in careless acts,
 And yet his thoughts were deep and eloquent.
 And so I pen this "meed of dubious praise"
 To him who loved far more than better men
 The Alma Mater who has sent him forth
 To love and laugh within a larger world.

PUBLICATIONS



The
SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN

A. M. DUNCAN, Editor-in-Chief
JNO. W. WARNER, Bus. Mgr.

The **RING-TUM PHI**
WM. JETT LAUCK, Editor-in-Chief
D. B. CAUSEY, Business Manager

The **CALYX**
S. A. WITHERSPOON, Jr., Editor-in-Chief
J. M. B. GILL, Business Manager



The Southern Collegian

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CHARLES RULE PILKINGTON, KENTUCKY..... Assistant Editor
ROBERT WHITE McCRUM, VIRGINIA..... Athletic Editor
STUART CHEVALIER, KENTUCKY..... Law Editor

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D. H. ROLSTONVirginia

GRAHAM-LEE SOCIETY

W. G. PENDLETONVirginia
M. T. McCLURE.....Virginia

JOHN WILLIAM WARNER, JR., MARYLAND..... Business Manager
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Gill

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The Southern Collegian

"SAPERE AUDE."



THE students of Washington College first realized the need of some way in which to express their independent literary and journalistic proclivities in 1848. The result was a small paper with the suggestive name of *The Owl*. The College man of that day devoted his pen to writing of verses to dark-eyed maidens; and, perhaps, if his quill was from a classic fowl, he would while away his time with neat translations of Horace. Often some youthful student was inspired by his study of Cicero or Demosthenes, and his pent-up emotions would spend themselves in phillipics hurled at the Faculty. As ever, the student was uncontrollable, while the Faculty was dictatorial. Against such difficulties, the poor *Owl* could not contend, and early in 1849, passed away.

Of the lofty sentiments and rhythmic gems which dwelt in the students' minds during the years immediately succeeding the death of the unlucky *Owl*, we have no record. Twelve long years passed, and then war closed the doors of the College for those weary days, when the loyal students, headed by their devoted Professor and Captain, formed the Liberty Hall Volunteers, and went to the battlefield to fight for the cause they loved so well. Three years passed by after the re-opening of College before another attempt was made to establish a student publication. The name of the new publication was THE COLLEGIAN, which was issued fortnightly, and consisted of eight folio pages. The first volume of the new periodical was fortunate in having at its head two men of such marked talent as C. R. Breckinridge, Congressman from Arkansas, and subsequently Minister to Russia, and S. Z. Ammen, editor of the *Baltimore Sun*. The support of the best talent in College was secured, so that from the start it won the reputation of being the best student publication in the South. Thomas Nelson Page may be said to have served his literary apprenticeship on the editorial board of THE COLLEGIAN, as he was one of the editors of 1871-'72. In its list of editors are found the names of several men, since distinguished in letters and politics, as well as several who have become well known in the educational world.

During the first year of its existence, the editing was done by two editors, one from each literary society, new editors being selected every three months. The next year the name was changed to THE SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN. Also, in addition to the two editors who were elected as formerly, there was an annual editor chosen by the joint ballot of the two societies. This system continued until 1873, when the jealousy of the societies made it necessary to choose two annual editors. In 1878, THE COLLEGIAN became a monthly, and was reduced to its present magazine form. In the same year began the custom, which still prevails, of having the Magazine in charge of an

editor-in-chief, and four associates, two from each society. In 1892, the societies began to elect jointly an assistant editor-in-chief also.

In 1870, Mr. Joseph Santini, of New Orleans, gave to the University one thousand dollars, the income from which was to be used each year in purchasing a medal to be awarded to the writer of the best essay appearing in *THE COLLEGIAN*.

The object of *THE COLLEGIAN* is to establish a love of letters among the students, not as an example of all that is pure and worthy in literature, but as a means by which they can express themselves. Its aim is to give to the men of the University a vehicle for their thoughts, to permit them to put to practical application the rules of the classroom, and to give expression to what genius or talent they may have. It has also been the desire of the editors to issue a magazine of such a character, that, when viewed by outsiders, it would place Washington and Lee University before them as a school of lofty ideals, and with a high literary standard.

The following list contains the names of all the editors down to 1872, after which only the names of the chief editors are given. The list of Santini Medalists is also given:

1868	1874	1888
S. Z. AMMEN	C. W. ANDERSON	T. G. HAILEY
C. R. BRECKINRIDGE	H. L. DUFOR	1889
C. C. GARRETT	1875	R. B. WILLIAMS
T. S. WILKESON	J. H. DILLARD	1890
W. M. NEIL	W. P. McCORKLE	W. H. FIELDS
W. S. GRAVES	1876	1891
1869	JAMES HAY	H. F. FITZPATRICK
C. A. GRAVES, Annual Editor	W. K. BOCOCK	1892
W. L. PRATHIER	1877	W. R. VANCE
N. B. FEAGIN	W. S. CURRELL	1893
GEO. B. PETERS	A. R. COCKE	J. H. HALL
W. T. THOMAS	1878	W. McC. MARTIN
A. H. HAMILTON	W. S. CURRELL	1894
R. B. BAYLY	1879	W. McC. MARTIN
1870	J. H. HAMILTON	1895
A. N. GORDON, Annual Editor	1880	D. C. McGRYDE
J. L. LOGAN	GLOVER MOORE	1896
R. H. FLEMING	1881	L. C. SPEERS
E. G. LOGAN	J. E. COCKERELL	1897
H. PICLES	1882	M. G. PERROW
J. B. STUBBS	J. G. MEADOW	1898
P. D. ENGLISH	1883	S. C. LIND
1871	H. A. WHITE	1899
GEO. SANTINI, Annual Editor	1884	G. P. FISHBURNE
S. R. FISHER	J. M. ALLEN	1900
R. D. HAINSLIP	1885	H. R. KEEBLE
M. N. WISDOM	B. F. SLEDD	1901
R. J. RICHY	1886	E. D. OTT
J. K. LAKE	W. C. LUDWIG	1902
THOMAS NELSON PAGE	1887	A. M. DUNCAN
1872	L. M. HARRIS	
WM. EDMUNDS		
1873		
W. H. TAYLOE		
W. B. CHILDERS		

SANTINI MEDALISTS

1874	1881	1894
W. BOYLE	H. A. WHITE	W. R. VANCE
1875	1885	1895
C. EDMONDSON	G. H. NORMAN	W. C. LANCK
1876	1886	1899
HAROLD WALSH	B. F. SLEDD	T. S. VANCE
1877	1887	1897
W. K. BOCOCK	W. M. REID	W. K. McCLUNG
1878	1888	1898
E. K. LEAVEL	L. M. HARRIS	S. C. LIND
1879	1889	1898
R. F. CAMPBELL	W. Z. JOHNSTONE	W. J. LAUCK
1880	1890	1900
J. H. HAMILTON	J. S. BUNTING	H. R. KEEBLE
1881	1891	1901
GLOVER MOORE	W. H. FIELD	STUART CHEVALIER
1882	1892	
H. D. CAMPBELL	W. E. HARRIS	
1883	1893	
J. G. MEADOW	J. H. HALL	

The Ring-Tum Phi

WM. JETT LAUCK, WEST VIRGINIA..... Editor-in-Chief
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The Ring-Tum Phi

THE Ring-Tum Phi was first published in 1897, and since that time it has received flattering support from both students and alumni. From a financial standpoint it is the best paying of the College publications.

Its permanency is now assured and its existence recognized as essential. It is published every Saturday and is a weekly review of all phases of the University life.

The following is a list of the editors and business managers since its inception:

1897-98—G. R. HOUSTON, CHINA	Editor-in-Chief
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1901-02—B. D. CAUSEY, VIRGINIA	} Editors-in-Chief
EDGAR SYDENSTRICKER, CHINA	
J. R. TUCKER	Business Manager

Two ladies, while off on a tear,
Were buried in mud to the hair;
When asked, "Are you wet?"
They replied, "Not as yet,
We do so enjoy this fine air!"

You've heard of one, Moseley by name,
A poet of no little fame;
The verse he can write,
Is way out o' sight,
And makes even Pegasus lame.

Do you know Mr. Latane, dears?
His charms but increase with his years;
And at present rate,
'Tis but moderate to state,
Before long he will be without peers.

Of Oom Paul I've no doubt you have heard,
Tho' hist'ry in one point has erred,
For it calls him a Boer,
A mistake, I am sure,
Which is utterly, wholly absurd!

Do you know that six-footer, named Tarr?
At parties he's quite above par;
Tho' he starts with a break,
He is no social fake,
And in farces he's always a star.



THE FACULTY

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS LEE, LL. D., 1897,

President-Emeritus.

GEORGE HUTCHESON DENNY, M. A., PH. D., LL. D., 1901,

President.

ALEXANDER LOCKHART NELSON, M. A., 1854,

Cincinnati Professor of Mathematics.

JAMES ADDISON QUARLES, D. D., LL. D., 1886.

Professor of Philosophy.

HENRY DONALD CAMPBELL, M. A., PH. D., 1887,

Robinson Professor of Geology and Biology.

DAVID CARLISLE HUMPHREYS, C. E., 1889.

Scott Professor of Civil Engineering.

ADDISON HOGUE, 1893,

Corcoran Professor of Greek.

JAMES LEWIS HOWE, PH. D., M. D., 1894,

Bayly Professor of Chemistry.

WILLIAM SPENSER CURRELL, M. A., PH. D., 1895.

Professor of English.

HENRY PARKER WILLIS, PH. D., 1898,

Wilson Professor of Economics and Political Science.

WALTER LE CONTE STEVENS, PH. D., 1898,

McCormick Professor of Physics.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS VANCE, M. A., PH. D., LL. B., 1899.

Professor of Law, and Dean of the School of Law.

GEORGE HUTCHESON DENNY, M. A., PH. D., LL. D., 1899.

Peabody Professor of Latin.

MARTIN PARKS BURKS, B. A., LL. B., 1899.

Professor of Law.

CHARLES LANGLEY CROW, M. A., PH. D., 1899.

Adjunct Professor of Modern Languages.

* ROBERT FRANKLIN HOXIE, PH. B., 1901,

Acting Professor of Economics and Political Science.

* Until Jan. 1, 1903.

JOSEPH RAGLAND LONG, B. A., B. S., LL. B., 1902.

Professor of Law.

JOHN HOLLADAY LATANE, Ph. D., 1902,

Professor of History.

JAMES WILLIAM KERN, Ph. D., 1902,

Associate Professor of Latin.

INSTRUCTORS

* WILLIAM WERTENBAKER, M. D., 1900,

Physical Director.

RICHARD COLLINS LORD, M. A., 1902,

Instructor in Mathematics.

JOHN McCLURE, 1901,

Assistant in Chemical Laboratory.

HARRY NEAL HUSE, B. A., 1902,

Assistant in English and Latin.

HENRY CALWELL COE, 1902,

Assistant in Physical Laboratory.

RICHARD ALEXANDER RUFF, 1902,

Assistant in Civil Engineering.

CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN McNEILL, 1902,

Assistant in Biological Laboratory.

JOHN ENGELHARDT SCOTT, 1902,

Instructor in Inorganic Chemistry.

† JOSEPH CHARLESS McPHEETERS, 1903,

Physical Director.

OFFICERS

JOHN LYLE CAMPBELL, LL. B., 1877,

Secretary of the Faculty.

ANN ROBERTSON WHITE, 1895,

Librarian.

GEORGE MURRAY SMITH, 1902,

Assistant Custodian of the Reading Room.

CICERO FLOYD WATTS, 1902,

Assistant Custodian of the Reading Room.

‡ BEVERLEY DOUGLAS CAUSEY, 1902,

Latv Librarian.

§ GEORGE COUPER GIBBS, 1903,

Latv Librarian.

* Until Jan. 1, 1903.

† From Jan. 1, 1903.

‡ Until Jan. 1, 1903.

§ From Jan. 1, 1903.

Brief Sketch of Recently Elected Members of the Faculty

JOHN HOLLADAY LATANE

John Holladay Latane, son of the late Bishop James Allen Latane, of Baltimore, was born in Staunton, Va. He received his preliminary education in the public schools of Baltimore, graduating from the Baltimore City College in 1889. He then entered the Johns Hopkins University and after three years spent in the classical group of studies received the degree of A. B. in June, 1892. The next three years were spent in the graduate department of History and Politics. His principal subject was History, his first Minor Jurisprudence and his second Economics. He received the degree of Ph. D. in June, 1895.

During the session of 1895-6 Dr. Latane was Acting Professor of History and Economics in the Baltimore City College. The session of 1896-7 was spent in California as Master of History and English in the Military Academy at San Rafael. In the fall of 1897 Dr. Latane returned to the East and devoted himself to the study of International Law and Diplomacy, spending a large part of the next year in Washington. In 1898 he was appointed the first Albert Shaw Lecturer on American Diplomatic History in the Johns Hopkins University. In September, 1898, Dr. Latane was elected Professor of History and Economics in Randolph-Macon Woman's College. He served in this capacity until his appointment to the chair of History in this institution last June.

The most important of his published writings are:

"The Early Relations between Maryland and Virginia" (J. H. U. Studies, 13th Series).

"The Diplomacy of the United States in Regard to Cuba" (Annual Report of the American Historical Association for 1897).

"Intervention of the United States in Cuba" (North American Review, March, 1898).

"The Diplomatic Relations of the United States and Spanish America" (Johns Hopkins Press, 1900).

Dr. Latane has also written a number of book reviews for the American Historical Review.

In June, 1901, the Johns Hopkins University awarded him the highest honor in the gift of the department of History and Politics—the John Marshall prize. This was given in recognition of the value of his book on "The Diplomatic Relations of the United States and Spanish America." In August, 1902, Dr. Latane was invited

to deliver one of the lectures in the course on International Law before the United States Naval War College at Newport, R. I. His subject was "The Principle of Neutralization Applied to Canals."

Dr. Latane is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

HENRY PARKER WILLIS

Henry Parker Willis, Professor of Economics and Political Science, studied at Western Reserve University, and University of Chicago, where he received his A. B. in 1894. From 1894 to 1896 he was Fellow and Instructor at this University. The following year he spent in Europe studying at the Universities of Berlin, Liepsic and Vienna. On returning to receive his Doctor's degree he was appointed Secretary to the Indianapolis Monetary Commission, and the report of this famous body was largely prepared by him. In 1898 he was appointed Professor of Economics and Political Science in Washington and Lee University.

In 1901 Prof. Willis obtained leave of absence from the University in order to accept a position as "Leader Writer" for the *New York Evening Post*. In 1902 he went to Washington as correspondent for the *New York Journal of Commerce* and *Springfield Republican*. His leave of absence having expired, he has resumed his position as head of the newly endowed "Department of Economics and Political Science."

Besides the report of the Monetary Commission, Prof. Willis has published "A History of the Latin Monetary Union" and "Reciprocity," published jointly with Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago. This last book in particular has attracted more favorable notice, probably, than any recent publication of the kind.

JOSEPH R. LONG

Joseph R. Long, born Dec. 15, 1870, in Charlottesville, Va., and was graduated at Richmond College in 1890. He spent the sessions of 1892-94 at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Mr. Long entered the Law School at the University of Virginia in 1894, receiving his B. L. in 1895 and performing the traditionally impossible feat of making Prof. Davis' course in Philosophy simultaneously with his law course.

Upon leaving the University of Virginia, Mr. Long immediately became a member of the editorial staff of the well-known law publishing firm of the Edward Thompson Company, at Northport, N. Y.

He has contributed in all about forty articles for the *American and English Encyclopedia of Law*, many of these articles containing as much matter as an ordinary law book.

From 1897 to 1902 Mr. Long was a member of the bar at Denver, Colorado. In 1901 he published a text-book on the "Laws of Irrigation," which has had a wide circulation throughout the West.

The titles of some of the more important of Mr. Long's articles in the *American and English Law Encyclopedia* are as follows:

"Acknowledgements."
 "Aliens."
 "Brokers."
 "Documentary Evidence."
 "Imprisonment for Debt and in Civil Actions."
 "Irrigation."
 "Officers and Agents of Private Corporations."
 "Pensions and Bounties."
 "Perjury."

JAMES WILLIAM KERN, Ph. D.

James William Kern, Ph. D., born in Winchester, Va., May 10, 1857, entered University of Virginia in 1879, and was graduated in the schools of Greek, Latin and Mathematics. He pursued graduate studies in Greek and Latin during the sessions 1883-86, and was Instructor in Latin at the University of Virginia 1884-86.

Dr. Kern spent the following years from 1886 to 1896 in pursuit of his chosen profession of teaching. He entered Johns Hopkins University October, 1896, was Fellow 1898-99, and in June, 1899, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He was elected Associate Professor of Latin in Washington and Lee University, June, 1902.

Dr. Kern has published a monograph, "On the Case Construction of the Verbs of Sight and Hearing in Greek."



'Twas Long Ago

'Twas long ago, in jocund Spring,
 When all the land was decked with flowers,
 I heard a merry minstrel sing,
 Who charmed away the golden hours;
 So fleetly, fleetly did they fly,
 I scarce believed they had gone by.

Now Spring is fled, and 'neath the snow
 The erstwhile flower-deck'd fields are lying,
 And I all heavy-hearted go,
 Thrice saddened by the wild wind's sighing;
 The Autumn leaves fly at his will,
 And the minstrel's voice is hushed and still.

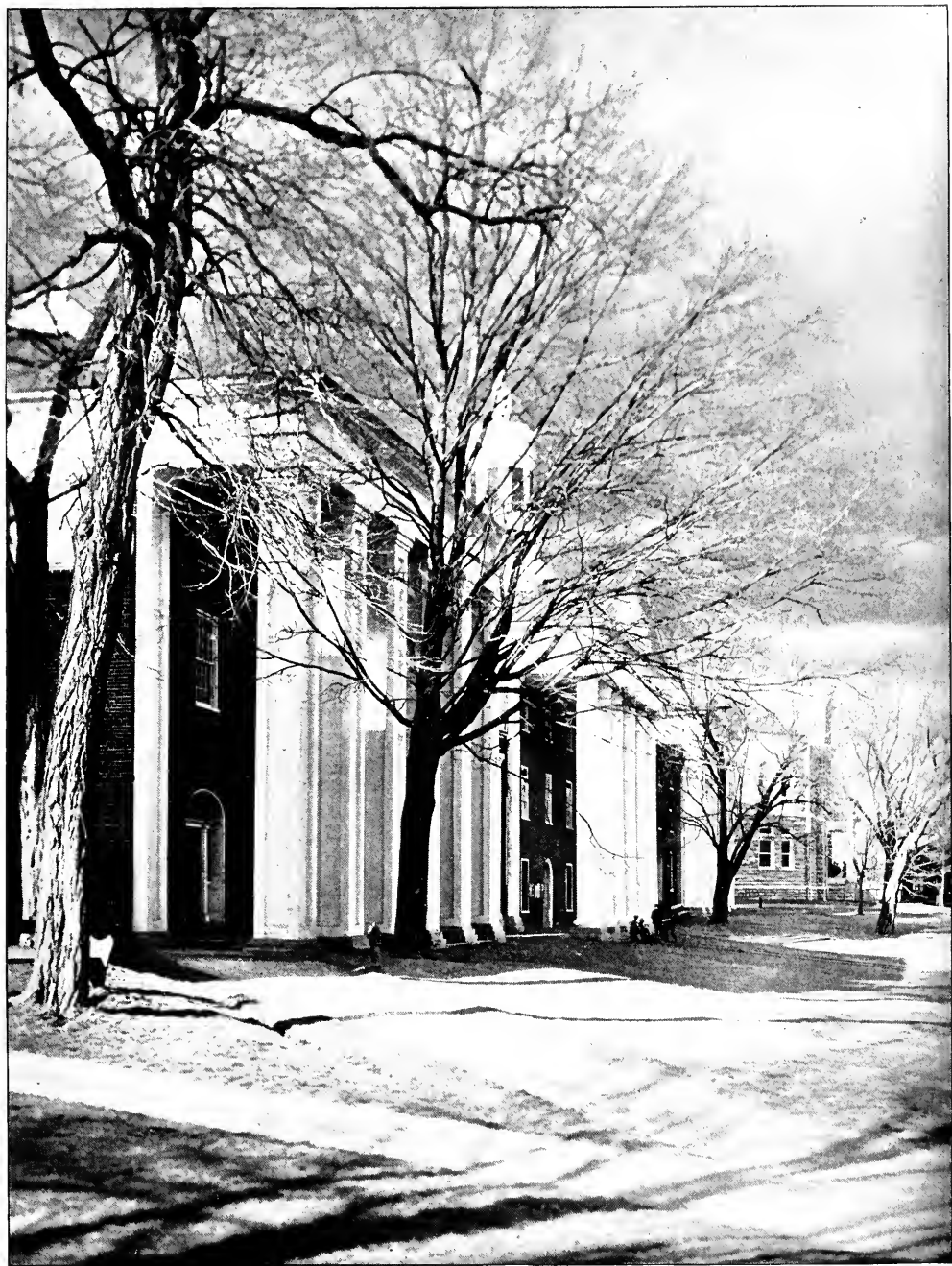
II.

GEN. LEE AND HIS FACULTY

(ABOUT 1866)



1. JOHN W. BROCKENBROUGH, Law
2. JOHN L. KIRKPATRICK, Moral Philosophy
3. CARTER J. HARRIS, Latin
4. JAMES J. WHITE, Greek
5. JOHN L. CAMPBELL, Chemistry
6. RICHARD S. McCULLOCH, Natural Philosophy
7. ALEXANDER L. NELSON, Mathematics
8. EDWARD S. JOYNES, Modern Languages
9. WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON, History and Literature
10. WILLIAM ALLEN, Applied Mathematics



YELLS

Ring-tum-phi!
Stickeri-bum!
We are the stuff from Lexington!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
White and Blue!
Whoopla! Whoopla! W. L. U,

Chic-a-go-runk! Go-runk! Go-ree!
Heigh, ho! Hi, ho!
Washington and Lee!
Washington and Lee!
Washington and Lee!
Tiger!



The Last Bacchanalia

(A MOURNFUL TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS)

"Raillery, raillery, madam, we have no animosity—we hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity."

ACT I

SCENE. *On the banks of the Styx. Distinguished shades loafing about in large numbers. Under a persimmon tree whetting a rusty scythe stands Father Time, sans coat, sans mackintosh, sans everything in fact, except a pair of blue wings, much ruffled with the effects of a recent trip through the atmosphere. Enter Vergil with a swagger and singing "All Coons Look Alike to Me, I've Got Another Gal You See," etc.*

VERGIL: "Hello, old sport. Anything doin'?"

FATHER TIME: "Betcherlife. Regular seven ring circus last night."

VERGIL: "Don't say so. Another West Virginia banquet?"

FATHER TIME: "Nope. Beats that all hollow. Fortnightly Club meet, so called; in the same little berg, however."

VERGIL: "Impossible!"

FATHER TIME: "Fact! T'was no fantastic object, but a truth, a real truth; no dream. I did not slumber; and could wake ever with a brooding eye to gaze upon't. Yon see I had just been spending a week or so in Chicago where a fellow has to rent a flying machine to keep up with the procession. This sort of a thing makes me dead sick, and I often wish for the old patriarchal times six thousand years ago, when I used to sit under the shadow of the pyramids during the long summer days and crack antediluvian jokes and palm nuts with Jared and Methuselah. Splendid idle days were those, Verge. After I have gone my rounds in Chicago and places of that stripe, I always like to take a day off for a rest in the beautiful little town afore-said. It reminds me of those dear old times, 'the olden days and golden,' some forty centuries ago. However, when I struck the town on this particular trip I was somewhat painfully disappointed to hear the merry sound of conviviality, and the hasty shuffling of glasses and jugs. So I dropped in very quietly, and concealed my identity behind the face of an old clock in the corner. Let me remark just here in passing that this same old clock was an exceedingly valuable heir-loom in the family of the present entertainer of the club, it having been purchased by the fifth cousin of his great-grandfather's stepson when the last named was mustered out of General Washington's army after a most gallant and distinguished service of three months as corporal and commissary sergeant. But to continue, the room was crowded with a rather motley assembly and the host had risen to speak. He said something about a horrible dream that had disturbed his sleep the night before. (*Dante and other shades drop in casually.*) He thought he beheld a ghastly wreck on the C. & O. in which the baggage car was utterly destroyed; also several lives lost. But he added that he felt much relieved when the express wagon left a box of French glassware at his door on the following morning. (*A twilight smile flits across the face of the florid son of Amalthea.*) At this point my old friend Vance rushed in and announced with a tremble in his voice that he would find it practically impossible to meet with the old club any more, and then rushed out again." (*Ike Marvel shakes his head dubiously, and Socrates remarks to Saint Paul that he can't understand why those splendid fellows make such colossal blunders in life when they have the examples of history to warn them.*)

FATHER TIME: "It was then suggested that some question be submitted on which there might be some intelligent discussion before the meeting had reached that point where discussion of this character would be impracticable. Mr. Burks immediately arose." (*All the lawyers in Hades applaud at the mention of this name, and John Marshall remarks to My Lord Coke that speaking of banquets, they would see that Burks was given the biggest banquet ever seen on that side of the Styx, when he joined their company. Confucius adds, 'Let's shake on that, John.'*) I say Mr. Burks arose and remarked that on the morning following the last meeting of the club, he had by a most unfortunate mistake read a chapter in the Bible, supposing he was reading a chapter in the Code, and that his conscience had been worrying him ever since. He wanted some practical suggestion on how to avoid such a disaster in the future. Dr. Stevens was on his feet at once," (*Roger Bacon, Dr. Faustus and Sir Isaac Newton shake their feet applaudingly at the mention of the name*), "and said that he had hit upon a plan that had succeeded admirably and would be glad to give the club the benefit of it. His friend, Prof.

Lubberwitz, of Berlin, had originated the idea, and had mentioned it to him at a private banquet which both had attended. You select the most important objects in your room, prepare a number of slips of paper, pen and ink, and carefully write upon the slips the names of these several objects, in large, easily legible letters. Then, after spreading some



DR. CURELL'S MAGIC LANTERN SHOW

mucilagenuous substance on the opposite side from that on which the writing appears, attach the pieces of paper to the objects which they designate on the written side. Great care should be exercised at this junction, however, not to confuse the tags and objects, as this would frustrate the whole design. It has been found by experience that a person may absorb an almost unlimited quantity of 'French glassware,' and yet be able by this simple and inexpen-

sive process to discriminate intelligently between a bureau and a box of matches, or between a thermometer and a stove pipe. The club passed a vote of thanks to Dr. Stevens amidst great enthusiasm, and everybody drank freely to his health and their own. The meeting becoming somewhat disorderly, the chairman again remarked that it was necessary to decide upon a proper question for discussion before proceeding further. Whereupon Prof. Campbell arose and said that he would like to have some information on the question whether a June bug has a sense of humor. (*Agazzia, who up to this point had been dozing on a bed of rubies, suddenly wakes up, punches Humbolt in the ribs, and shies an onion at Linneus, who is occupied in trying to explain to Aristotle the Sunday jokes in "The Wait of the Lost."*) But Prof. Crow objected that this question was rather abstruse, even for a mind trained in a German university, and he would prefer to investigate the question whether an oyster can be crossed in love. (*Queen Elizabeth giggles audibly; Henry VIII makes goo-goo eyes at Cleopatra; and Charles Darwin, who is "playing with the tangles of Neaera's hair", stops long enough to write sundry notes on his cuffs.*) After Dr. Crow sat down, Dr. Currell got the floor with some difficulty."

DANTE (*interrupting*): "Say, Chronos, isn't that the fellow who has been trying to get off some of my stunts up yonder. The first opportunity I get at him I will introduce him to a few of the literary 'circles' of the Inferno that he may not have heard about before."

BEELZEBUB (*consolingly*): "That's all right, old horse pistol. We'll fix him when he comes this way. You know I have a little grudge against him myself."

FATHER TIME (*continuing*): "I say Dr. Currell got the floor and remarked that speaking on biological themes reminded him of an important historical investigation which he had been conducting with great success recently, and the results of which he would be glad to divulge to the club. One of the thus far unsolved problems of the Shakespearean controversy is to explain why the great English dramatist was called 'the swan of Avon.' By what sort of symbolism could he be compared to this fowl? A swan does not sing habitually, writes poetry never, is amphibious in its habits, has a very graceful neck and white feathers, and is good for nothing in particular except to ornament pictures and mill ponds. It will be observed that none of these attributes are distinctly Shakespearean. 'Gentlemen of the Club,' he added, 'I have given this problem the gravest consideration and study, and I cannot escape the painful conviction that William Shakespeare was called the swan of Avon because he was a bird.' (*Wm. Shakespeare rises, looks bored, and strolls off with Helen of Troy to a medicine show holding forth on the next corner. My Lord Verulam turns green, presumably with envy.*) A visiting member by the name of Light created a tremendous sensation at this point by proposing the following question, which I scribbled on my scythe as he read it out: 'Resolved, That Washington and Lee is a Presbyterian institution.' (*John Calvin winks at William Graham and the two stroll off to a neighboring drug store to get a coco-cola.*) Everybody seemed much embarrassed by the suggestion, and it suddenly occurred to me that I might relieve the situation and at the same time have a little fun on my own score by revealing my presence to the happy revellers. So with a little flutter I lit with one foot in the middle of a big empty punch bowl in the centre of the table, and cried out, 'Next!' Prof. Humphreys got excited, pulled out his watch, and made a pass for my forelock, but I dodged him. Dr. Crow saw his opportunity, and made a dive for the door, but I caught him around the neck with my trusty blade and rolled him under the table without difficulty. 'I move we shourn,' exclaimed the chairman with great effort. 'I shecond the motions,' responded Prof. Humphreys, without a pause, and as Dr. Howe shuffled uncertainly toward the door, Dr. Crow yelled at him from his hiding place, '*Auf wiedersehen, old boy!*' 'What's that, shir?' Dr. Howe demanded in a terrible voice; 'You are flown with insolence and wine (hic), shir!' But Dr. Crow, nothing daunted, replied, 'Just borrow that chap's angel wings and I will fly with them too; see? I'll leave this cool, cool world, and I'll say to you once more, *Auf wieder(hic)schen!*' 'You're 'nothern,' thundered the infuriated doctor, and with that he grabbed up a half empty bottle, and if I had not—"

THE DEVIL (*stepping up and tapping Father Time on the shoulder*): "Kindly give me the names of those gentlemen."

FATHER TIME (*somewhat flitigated*): "Who? Which?"

THE DEVIL: "O, the whole push."

(The bell rings and curtain drops).

ACT II

SCENE. *The whole push in Purgatory. The prayer of Dives is answered, and Dr. Currell returns to earth to warn other errant geniuses of the sad fate of his companions.*

Greek chorus singing (after Marlowe),

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Appollo's laurel bough:
That sometimes grew within the learned men:
Behold their state! Regard their doleful fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things:
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits."

Exeunt.

KNOWLEDGE AT COLLEGE.



There came a young freshman to college,
When he heard that he had to get

Knowledge
He said "Goodness me!

Why, how can this be?—

What a queer thing to do at college!"

NA.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL
BASEBALL
BOAT RACING
GYMNASIUM WORK
FIELD SPORTS
TENNIS



Wearers of Monogram

FOOTBALL

A. McD. SMITH	C. C. McNEILL
I. STERRETT	T. G. STONE
A. D. TRUNDLE	GEORGE ROSS
G. HAW	M. D. CAMPBELL
D. ALEXANDER	J. P. WALKER
M. B. MARSHALL	E. C. MILLER
C. F. MEREDITH	G. W. JUDY
F. T. DOTSON	C. S. McNULTY
H. B. CONNER	

BASEBALL

E. W. G. BOOGHER	J. L. WYSOR	J. W. BAGLEY
C. F. SPENCER	R. W. BAKER	

BOAT CREW

L. C. PAYNE	HENRY HALL
W. G. PENDLETON	F. A. SAMPSON
R. A. DOUGLAS	R. W. McCRUM
H. C. COE	ROY THOMPSON

TENNIS

C. C. THOMAS

TRACK TEAM

J. W. CONOVER

GYMNASIUM TEAM

S. M. GLASGOW	J. C. McPHEETERS
---------------	------------------

FOOTBALL TEAM

A. McD. SMITH.....	Left End
C. C. McNEILL.....	Left Tackle
J. STERRETT.....	Left Guard
T. G. STONE.....	Center
J. W. BAGLEY.....	Right Guard
A. D. TRUNDLE.....	Right Tackle
GEORGE ROSS.....	Right End
M. D. CAMPBELL.....	Quarter Back
G. HAW.....	Right Half Back
D. ALEXANDER.....	Left Half Back
J. P. WALKER.....	Full Back
M. B. MARSHALL.....	Sub. Quarter Back
E. C. MILLER.....	Sub. Guard
G. W. JUDY.....	Sub. Guard
J. W. CONNOVER.....	Sub. Tackle
C. F. MEREDITH.....	Sub. End
F. T. DOTSON.....	Sub. Half
A. T. SMILEY.....	Sub. End
E. S. DAWSON.....	Sub. End

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

September 24, Miller's School.....	Lexington
September 28, U. Va.....	Charlottesville
October 11, V. P. I.	Lynchburg
October 20, University of North Carolina.....	Norfolk
October 26, Richmond College.....	Lexington
November 11, V. M. I.	Lexington
November 14, Roanoke College.....	Lexington
November 20, Columbian University.....	Lexington
Nov. 27, Thanksgiving Day, Hampden-Sidney College..	Lynchburg

FOOTBALL 1902

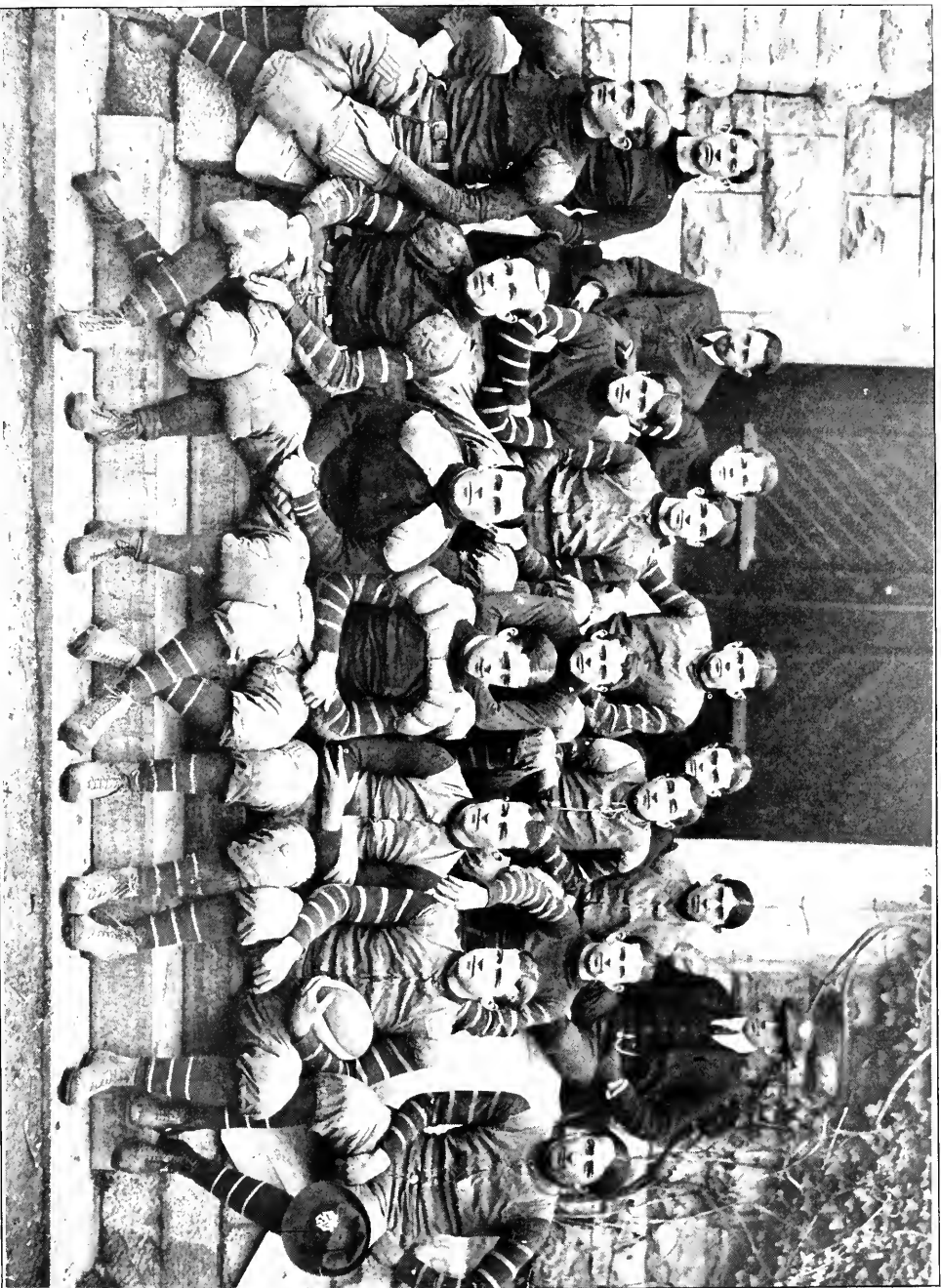


HILE it is not up to us to brag on our football team, yet a little self-congratulation will not be taken amiss. At any rate, it is a fact that the team of 1902 was the best for several years, as a comparison with the scores of previous years will show.

Our game with Miller's School was not remarkable for anything in particular, as



it came too early in the season for much teamwork, and the details of the plays had not been mastered. The game with the University of Virginia, in which we were beaten 16-0, showed a surprising advance in training and endurance. Virginia made all her



FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1902

received in that lovely town where local option is a dead letter. But the University of West Virginia held several marked cards and proceeded to play them, notwithstanding W. and L.'s protest. The game was "fixed" for several sports of Charleston, and we were lucky in being beaten only 17-5. If West Virginia cannot get enough eligible men to play fair football, she should quit playing till she can.

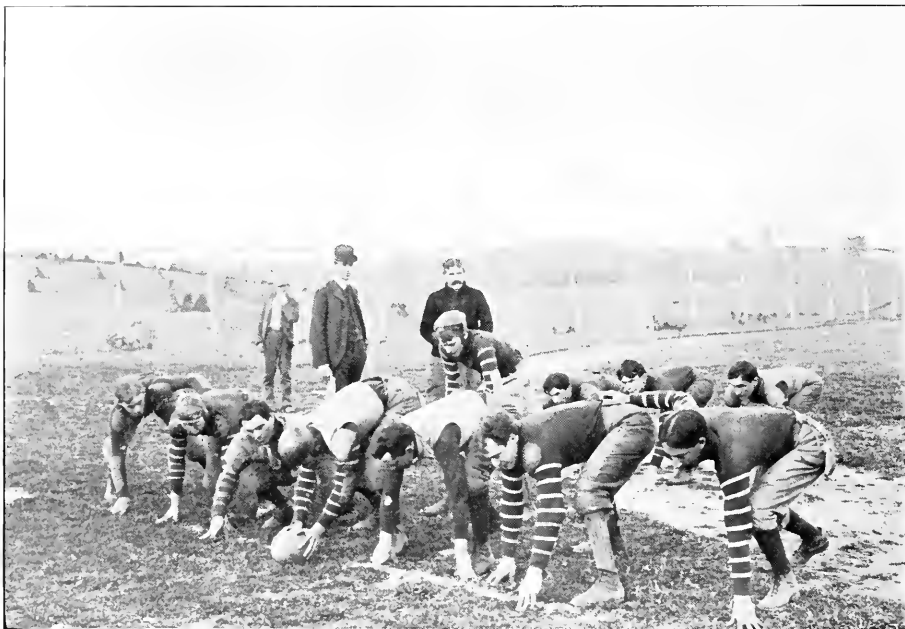
The season shows that we can have a good team if a good trainer is here at the beginning of the year; for we have the men, and college spirit is behind with its hand in the pocket of each and every sucker. It is also rumored that the Athletic Committee intends to provide a dormitory and training table next year. It should remember that a literal hell is paved with the best quality of intentions and profit thereby, so that the boys will not have to sing:

"Oh, wait till the football is over,
Oh, wait till the baseball is here."



touchdowns in the first half, and in the second half the ball was in her territory. This game was before our coach, Mr. Balliet, of Princeton, arrived, and the good showing made by the team brought out enough "college spirit" to employ him. Any later success is in large measure attributable to his coaching and also to his unchanging belief that we were going to win.

So the team went down to Lynchburg with the firm determination to lick the farmers from Blacksburg, and they did it by the score of 6-0, made in the last five minutes of play by the sixty-five yard run of Captain Smith. V. P. I.'s inability to be a cheerful loser does not alter that score.

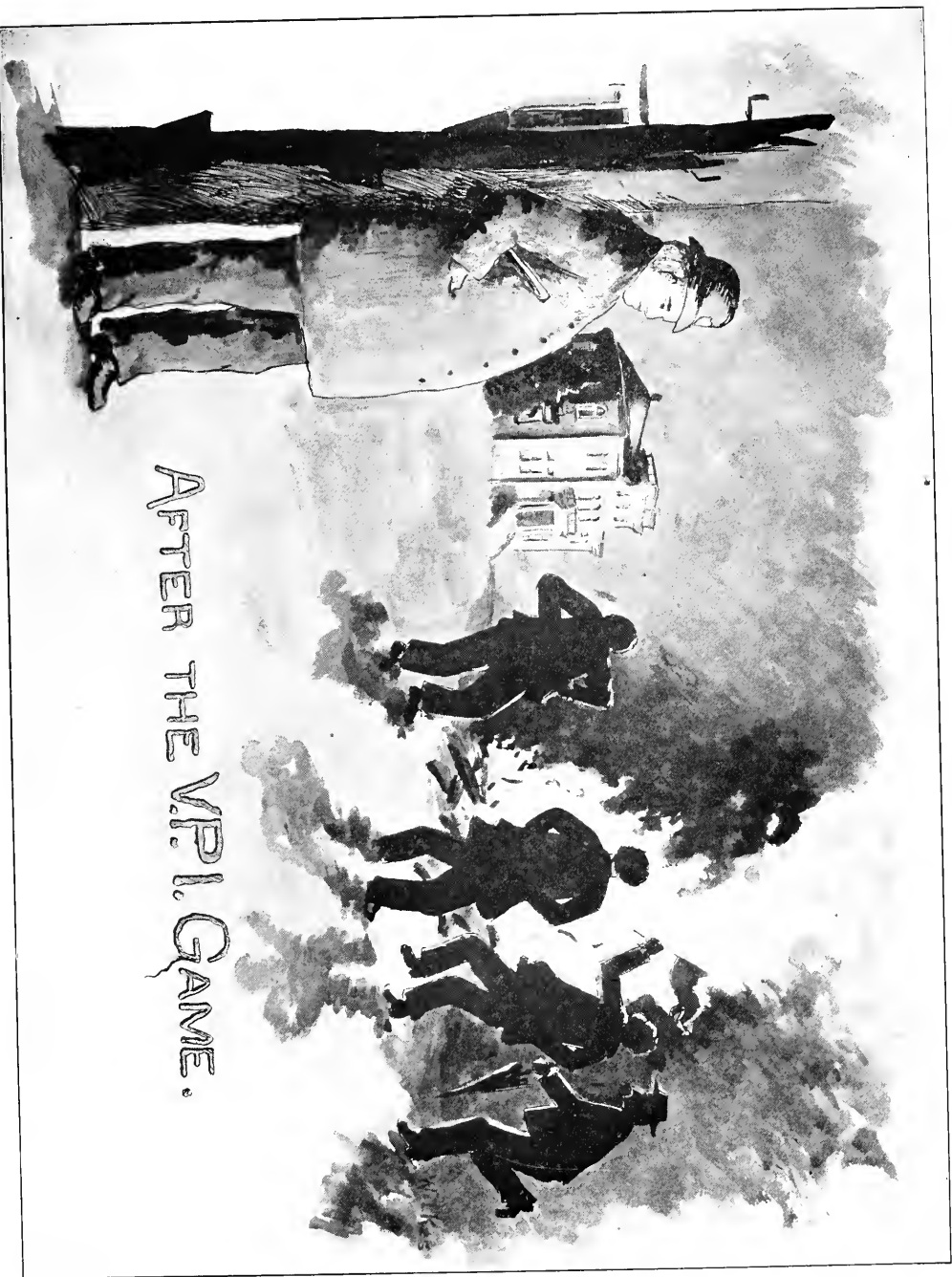


The next two games with Eastern and Richmond Colleges, in which we made the scores of 51-0 and 29-0, respectively, were easy, and only went to show that we had a good team.

The annual game with the V. M. I. is always the goal of our expectations, and this year's contest was especially exciting, as it was felt that we had the best chance of many years. The result, while a great disappointment, in nowise altered the feeling that there is something doing for us in football. Their two touchdowns were made only after long and hard work in a fair game, and there is no kick coming from our end of Letcher avenue.

When the team went to Charleston it expected a fair deal, such as it had heretofore

AFTER THE V.P.I. GAME.



Strokes and Victories for Successive Years in the Annual Regatta

ALBERT SIDNEY CREW.

HARRY LEE CREW.

1874.....	HOWARD.....	(Tie).....	GOLDWAITE
1875.....	J. B. LESLIE.....	W. T. LEAVALL*	
1876.....	W. J. L'ENGLE*.....	W. T. LEAVALL	
1877.....	W. J. KINGSBURY.....	C. S. L'ENGLE*	
1878.....	W. J. KINGSBURY*.....	W. A. McCORKLE	
1879.....	W. C. KINGSBURY.....	GEO. PRESTON*	
1880.....	W. D. CARTER.....	HAMILTON*	
1881.....	L. PEARCE*.....	W. S. HOPKINS	
1882.....	BUGG*.....	A. Q. SMITH	
1883.....	BUGG.....	(Tie).....	JAMES HAY
1884.....		(No Race).....	
1885.....		R. L. HUNTER*	
1886.....	REID WHITE.....	W. S. CAVITT*	
1887.....	REID WHITE.....	E. R. GUENTHER*	
1888.....	W. L. BRAGG*.....	GODDARD	
1889.....	J. W. MOORE*.....	R. H. ALLEN	
1890.....	W. L. BRAGG.....	R. H. ALLEN*	
1891.....		(No Race).....	
1892.....	S. B. AVIS.....	A. H. WOOD*	
1893.....	S. B. AVIS*.....	ROY MITCHELL	
1894.....	H. H. MARTZ*.....	CLIFFORD SPEROW	
1895.....	H. H. MARTZ*.....	E. W. WILSON	
1896.....	A. G. JENKINS*.....	E. W. WILSON	
1897.....	J. OBERLIN.....	E. W. WILSON*	
1898.....	J. S. McCLUER*.....	R. T. SHIELDS	
1899.....	J. S. McCLUER.....	E. McD. MOORE*	
1900.....	C. P. OBERSCHAIN*.....	W. T. ELLIS, JR.	
1901.....	T. G. STONE.....	W. J. ELGIN*	
1902.....	T. G. STONE.....	A. D. TRUNDLE	

The Baseball Team of 1903

Captain, J. W. BAGLEY

Business Manager, A. TABB

BAGLEY.....	Catcher
BAKER.....	Pitcher
PANCAKE.....	First Base
SHIELDS.....	Second Base
DAWSON.....	Short Stop
HEREFORD.....	Third Base
FOARD.....	Left Field
WYSOR.....	Left Field
BOUGHER.....	Center Field
PIPES.....	Right Field
M. D. CAMPBELL.....	Substitute

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

March 20, Eastern College.....	Lexington
March 23, Fishburne School.....	Lexington
March 30, Pennsylvania University.....	Lexington
April 4, V. M. I.....	Lexington
April 10, St. John's College.....	Lexington
April 14, V. M. I.....	Lexington
April 18, Hampden-Sidney.....	Lexington
April 24, Richmond College.....	Lexington
May 1, North Carolina.....	Roanoke
May 5, V. P. I.....	Lexington
May 8, V. M. I.....	Lexington
May 11, U. Va.....	Lynchburg



BASEBALL TEAM OF 1903

Gymnasium Team

McPHEETERS.....	CAPTAIN
GLASGOW.....	ALLROUND CUPS
MOFFET.....	RINGS
WITHERS.....	HORIZONTAL BAR
LANDIS.....	PARALLEL BARS
LOMBARD.....	GERMAN HORSE
ALEXANDER.....	MATS

STONE

MARSHAL

MASTERSON

McNEIL

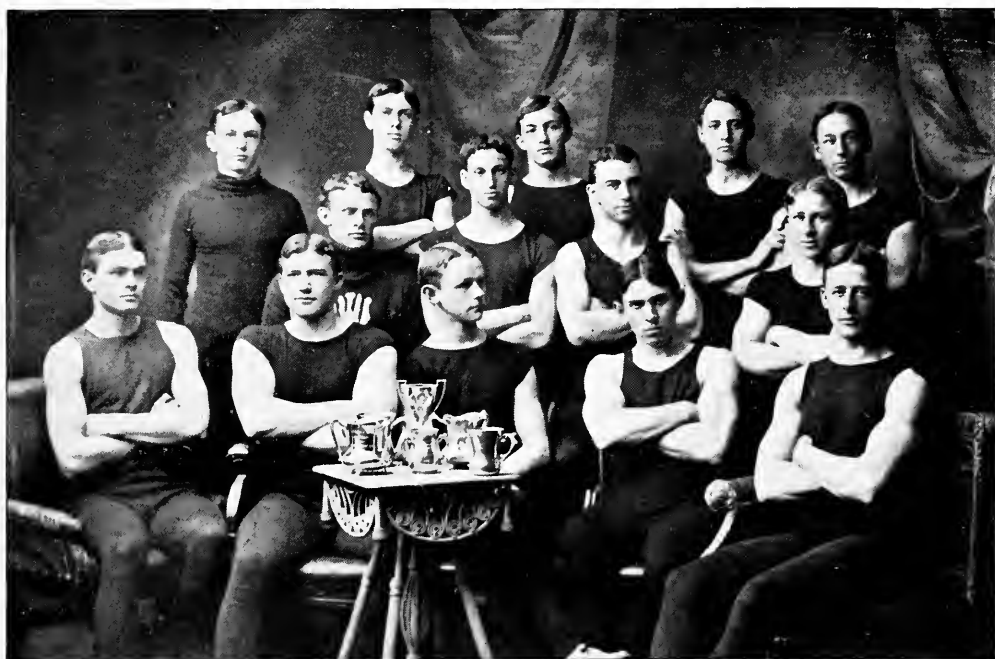
SHAEFER

SAMPSON

BOICE

CONOVER

GYMNASIUM TEAM



Moffett	Sampson	Withers	Boice	Lombard
Connover	McNeil	Marshall	Glasgow	Masterson
		Schaefer	Alexander	Stone
		Landis		







GOLF CLUB

W. V. COLLINS

G. HAW

W. P. LAMAR

C. N. CAMPBELL

W. A. DUNLAP

JOHN G. MOORE

JNO. L. CAMPBELL

A. TABB

J. F. FARRAR

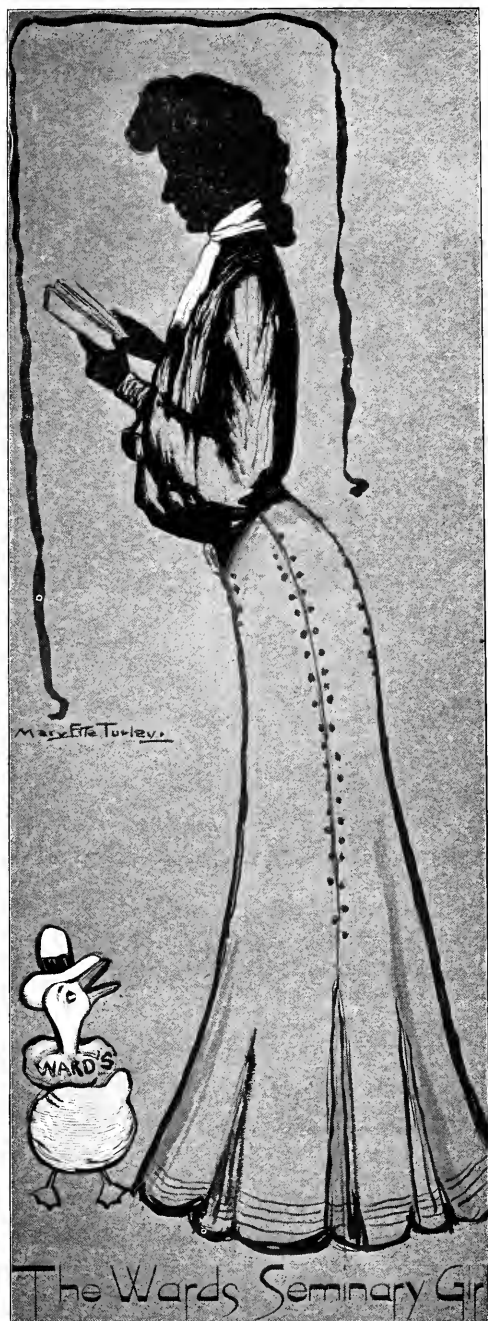
H. D. CAMPBELL

M. P. BURKS, SR.

C. L. CROW

THE
LEXINGTON
CHAIN
GANG.





The Wards Seminary Girl





No Greater Love

NONE of us knew how the White Brigade first came together. Beyond their name, they seemed to have little in common. Deal White had gone on record as the most powerful man ever in college. Too heavy in his movements for the finer sports, he had, by his exhibitions of sheer strength, become one of the pet boasts of our campus. Very moody in his nature, he neither made nor seemed to desire many friends. A more striking contrast than little Ben White could scarcely have been found. Diminutive almost to a deformity, he was compensated by a brilliancy of intellect and a charm of manner that made him at once the most popular and the most able man among us. But however widely the two differed in tastes and physique, they were bound to each other with the most devoted attachment, and no one ever struck at one without counting on dealing later with the other. You may easily see that the combination was a strong one—one of which we were justly proud—and there were few of us who did not grieve to see it break.

It was the same old story, as old as Helen of Troy. The pity of it was that the woman was so unworthy of either of the two. With a face and form of rare beauty, she had grown up in an atmosphere of admiration, and womanhood had found her apparently dependent upon it for her happiness. Even when fascinated by her winsome ways, those who knew her best agreed that at heart she was cold and selfish. Few men entered college without being warned against her charms, and few did not throw that warning to the winds after they had met her. It was said by some bitter mothers that every fall she made out a conscription of those with whom she pleased to amuse herself. Whether this were true or not, no one was ever known to let her record keep him from enjoying the sunshine of her favor while it lasted. At that time a brief engagement with Dolly Macon was considered a part of the college course—a part, to be sure, open only to the favored few whom her ladyship should elect.

Little Ben had long been one of her satellites, and no one was surprised when, late one winter, it was made known that they were engaged. The wonder began when fall passed by and winter had begun to yield to spring, and still little Ben held his own. It was even rumored that they were to be married after Commencement.

It was about this time that little Ben took Deal to see her. Some of us, who had known that the latter had been much grieved over his chum's infatuation, began to think that the affair was really serious, and that Deal was only reconciling himself to the inevitable. At any rate, contrary to all of his former habits, he began from that time to call upon her regularly.

Early in the spring, when Ben was called home for a few weeks, Deal redoubled his attentions and we all kept clear, looking upon him as the watch-dog guarding his

friend's interests. A few days after the return of the absent one it was authoritatively announced that the engagement was broken. Little Ben's friends drew a sigh of relief and said that it was a pity that it had not come sooner.

We knew Dolly too well to seek for any specific cause of the rupture. The breaking of one of her engagements had become too commonplace an incident to excite interest long, but with it began a tragedy which we did not fail to recognize.

Instead of withdrawing his attentions, as everyone expected, Deal became the more devoted, and before another week had passed it was recognized that the mantle had fallen upon his shoulders. Beyond that, every man in College knew that the White Brigade had broken. The two were never seen together again but once. I think that every man among us took it somewhat to heart, but only the older of us knew how bitter the quarrel must have been to have separated these two. We all agreed in laying the blame at Dolly's door, and we did not bear her any good will for what she had brought about.

Disturbed as we were by these unhappy incidents, gossip soon exhausted them, and with the approach of the all-absorbing final examinations they ceased to be the chief topic of conversation. With the close of these days came the climax which impressed all that had gone before indelibly upon my memory.

It was one of the time-honored traditions of our community to gather together, on the afternoon of the last examination, on the banks of the river which ran close by the village. Many went to refresh themselves in the cool water; the less energetic to watch the others, and to discuss the approaching pleasures of commencement week. The day was as bright as the faces of the care-free youngsters who lined the north bank. From the boat-house for a quarter of a mile up the stream stretched the happy chattering crowd. Here and there a gaily beribboned trap served as a throne from which some gracious queen held her court. One carriage had made itself conspicuous by occupying the south bank alone. Miss Macon had never looked more innocent and charming, and Deal's happiness seemed marred not at all by the fact that, after four years of successful work, he had just failed miserably for his degree.

The usual comments aroused by the appearance of this couple were interrupted by a hearty cheer from the Senior class, greeting their little Valedictorian. They did not wait for him to join them, but rushed in a wild cheering body to meet him, and soon little Ben was being tossed from shoulder to shoulder, to convince him that they loved him and were proud that he had outstripped them all so far. When at last he was allowed to go on his way, no one noticed the unsteadiness in his walk and the feverish light in his eyes. Only a few thoughtless Freshmen noticed, when he threw an empty bottle from the window of the dressing room. He soon came running down the steps and dived far out into the stream. Coming to the surface, he turned over on his back and floated idly down the river. I remember wondering at the time if he had noticed that, when he was upon his comrades' shoulders, the carriage on the other side had turned and driven far down the bank and taken its station just above the line. This was a wire cable stretched across the river, marking the boundary beyond which it was considered dangerous to venture. Less than two hundred yards beyond, the river leaped





over a sheer precipice to a bed of rocks below.

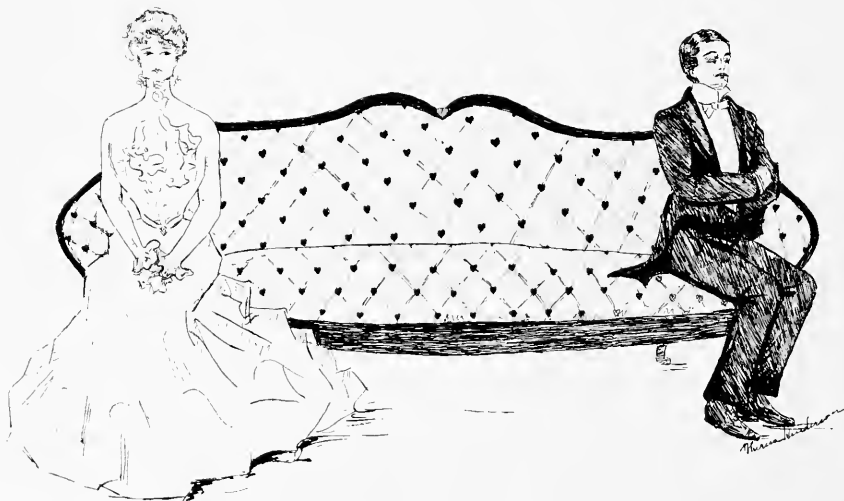
When Ben began to swim swiftly down the stream, I concluded that he was not aware of the position of Miss Macon's carriage. When he had reached the line, he balanced himself upon the cable and turned his head towards the south shore. I cannot say whether he acted with drunken premeditation or from a sudden impulse, maddened by what he saw. At any rate, he did not hesitate in what he did. Drawing his body out of the water, he braced his feet against the cable and threw himself into the swift-ening current. Upon coming to the surface, he deliberately turned again upon his back, and, folding his arms across his breast, allowed his body to be drawn swiftly towards the falls. Few of us saw the fool-hardy deed, and only one realized its tragic import. It was her agonized cry that brought the others to a sense of what was taking place.

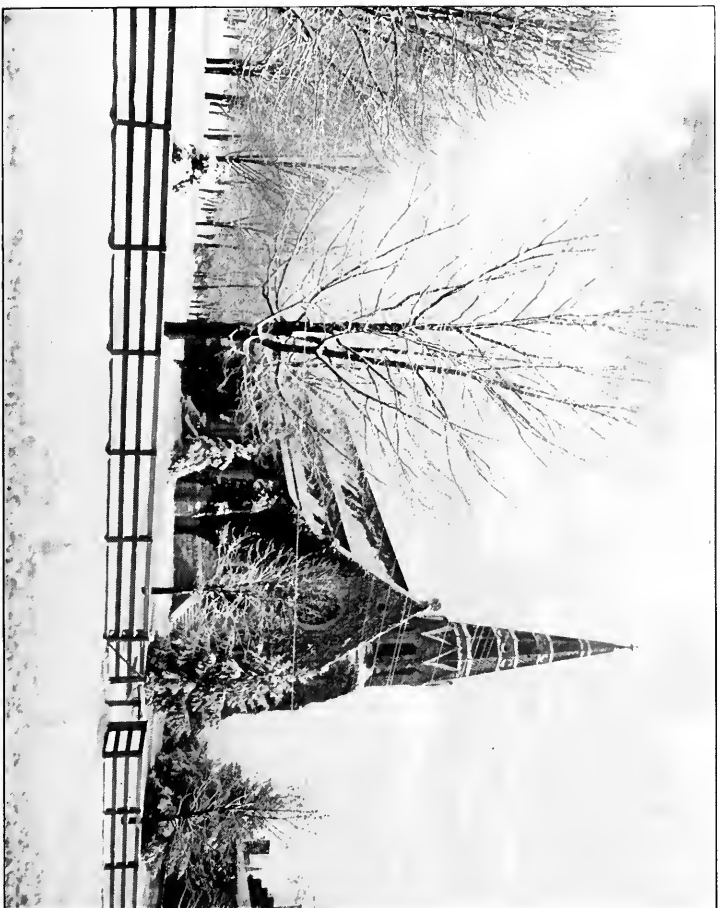
"Save him, save him! In God's name, save Benjamin!"

Even as she spoke, she leaped over the wheel and was rushing with short, choked sobs to the river. For an instant Deal sat stunned, but, before she had covered half the distance to the river, he was racing after her. When he reached her, she had stepped into a bank of soft mud and was sinking helplessly down. Grasping her under the armpits, he lifted her out and sat her like a child upon the firm ground. Even while in his arms, she never took her eyes from the form in the river which was being swept ever more swiftly on towards its doom. As Deal loosened his hold upon her, she lifted her voice again in that cry that told that Dolly Macon had a heart, and that it was being torn asunder.

By this time the crowd was rushing madly down the opposite bank, some praying aloud, and all of us in our hearts. Before the girl's voice had died away in a pitiful sob, Deal had cast off his coat and kicked his slippers into the water. I have a curious recollection of one of them striking squarely on its sole and sailing like a boy's boat down towards the rapids. Then I saw Deal poise upon the bank, as if measuring the distance, and throw his body out through the air, striking just abreast little Ben. Whether Ben resisted his efforts in suicidal madness or clung too tightly in terror, Deal struck him with one blow into unconsciousness. Then twining his fingers in the boy's hair, he put the strength of the other arm against that of the stream. Not a voice was raised as we watched the unequal struggle. Even Dolly's moans were hushed and she stood tense and straight, with her arms stretched out over the water. Inch by inch the rescuer drew with his burden towards the shore; but with each inch the relentless current swept him down many yards. The supreme agony was, that none of us on the north bank could hope to be close enough to give aid before the end should come. Sooner even than we, he saw the hopelessness of the fight, and began to husband his strength for the one last desperate chance. Just off the southern shore there rose from the bed of the river a narrow point of rock, like a double step. If he could hold there until we could reach him with a rope, a rescue might be made. Already a score of skiffs were hastening across, but before one of them had made half the distance the two forms were dashed against the rock. Grasping it with his free arm, Deal planted his feet on the lower step beneath the swirling water, and glanced back over his shoulder.

Only five yards away stretched the shore, yet fully twenty minutes must pass before we could throw a rope, and long before that either he must surrender his unconscious burden or be swept himself from this last hold. As he realized this, he threw back his head and shook his thick hair, just as I had often seen him do before attempting some herculean effort on Field Day, and I knew that big Deal was gathering his strength for his last great event. Bracing his legs against the base of the steps, he raised little Ben in his powerful arms and swung him toward the shore. Perhaps the strength he prayed for was added unto him; surely the feat seemed more than human. Straight over the hungry waters the body sped, dropping in the bank of soft mud by the shore. Deal, thrown by his own momentum, sank into the stream, and the current, cheated of one victim, swept the other the more swiftly on. He was too exhausted to struggle against his fate, but before he reached the edge his face was turned towards the southern bank, and his eyes rested for the last time on Dolly Macon as she knelt in the mud, with her lips pressed close against the cold face of little Ben.



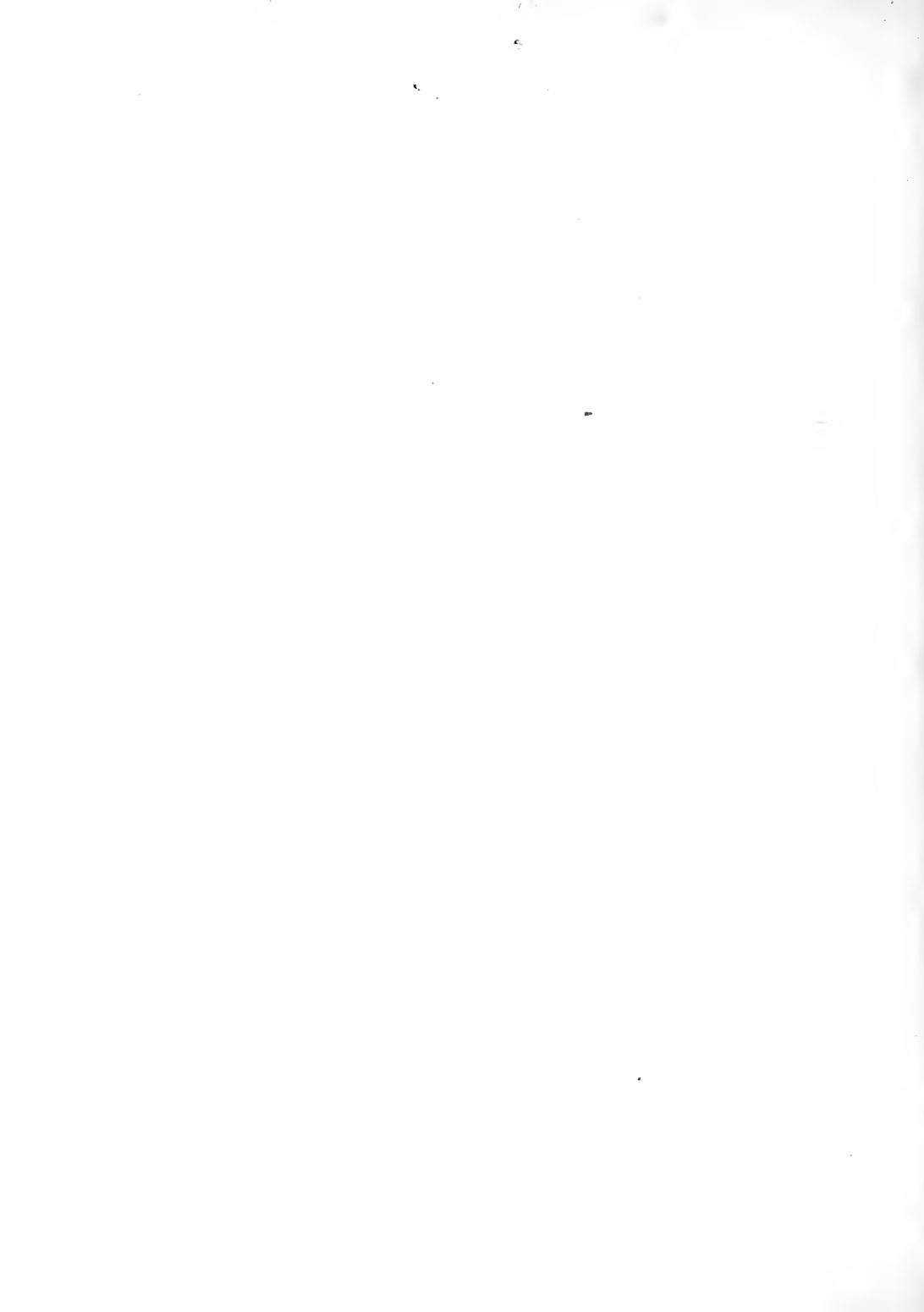


THE LEE MEMORIAL CHURCH





COMMENCEMENT MORNING.



J.W.BAGLEY,
PRES.

J.E.PRICE,
SECY.

CAMPBELL

WORTHEN

DUNCAN

SMILEY

PENDLETON

GILL

GIBBS

LAMAR

STEVENSON

MASON

DAY

PANCAKE

SEMMES

GRASTY

STEVES

PRITCHETT

HALL

BAKER

PIPES

OSBURN

BURNS

GAY

COTTON CLUB

Irons



GLEE CLUB

H. S. OSBURN..... PRESIDENT
 J. E. PRICE..... SECRETARY AND TREASURER

F. A. T. CUNNINGHAM

J. T. ARBUCKLE

J. C. PANCAKE

W. A. DUNLAP

A. TABB

N. OSBURN

M. P. BURKS

J. F. FARRAR

D. BARCLAY

K. C. HOBBIE

P. U. C. WALKER

C. N. CAMPBELL

Dramatic Club

MISS ANNIE WHITE PRESIDENT

MR. GLASGOW SECRETARY

MRS. MORGAN PENDLETON

MISS MARY RIDGELY

MISS MARY MOORE

MR. EDGAR WADDEL

MR. FARRAR

MISS DUNLAP

MISS TUCKER

MR. TARR



PHI ALPHA



Lauck

Shields

Moore, G. D.
Pendleton

Gibbs

Chevalier

Reaves
Holladay
Haven

Haw

Arbuckle

Hardy

Dillard

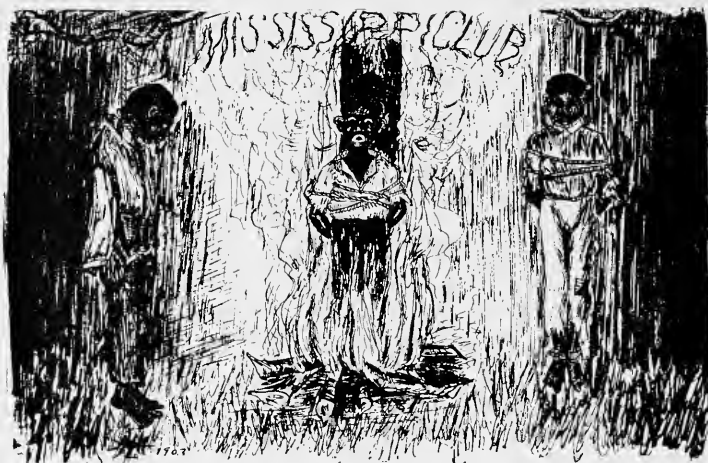
Ranches and State Clubs







THE FLORIDA CLUB

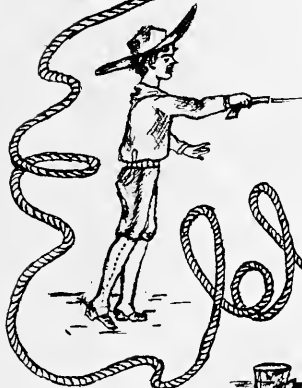


COLOR : White (without any black).

YELL

Razzle dazzle, hobble gobble, shoot nigger bum,
Dazzle doodle, dam a nigger, Democratic rum.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE HOST.....	S. W. SCHAEFER
LORD KEEPER OF THE ROPE.....	G. B. SHIELDS
GRAND MASTER OF THE FIRE.....	S. A. WITHERSPOON
THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING BRAND.....	W. B. PERKINS
CHANCELLOR OF THE WOOD.....	D. V. GUTHRIE
CHIEF COLLECTOR OF THE FRAGMENTS.....	H. H. MECHLIN
PRIME MINISTER.....	C. F. WATTS
MOST HOLY BISHOP.....	C. B. HOWRY
POET LAUREATE.....	L. J. WITHERS



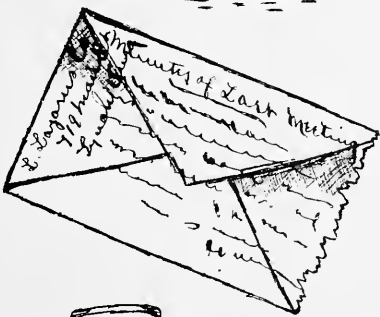
COAT OF ARMS

Morro+

What The



Do We Care



J. MARKS

The Kentucky Club

COLORS: Moonshine and Lead.

YELL

Hi! Hi! Hi!
Rock and Rye,
Bluegrass Country,
Kaintuckei!

STATE TOAST

Here's to old Kentucky whiskey,
So amber and so clear;
Not half so sweet as woman's lips,
But a sight more sincere.

OFFICERS

JOHN KNOX ARNOLD.....PRESIDENT
RUSSELL HURST TARR.....VICE-PRESIDENT
ALBERT MARSHALL DUNCAN.....SECRETARY

MEMBERS

JOHN KNOX ARNOLD....."John Knox"
STUART CHEVALIER....."Law Shark"
BALLARD FULTON COMBS....."The Double Course Man"
ALBERT MARSHALL DUNCAN....."Colonel"
ALFRED GRAYOT HENDRICK....."The Governor's Son"
CHARLES HOURSE HOBSON....."Hobson's Choice—Paul Jones"
RICHARD COLLINS LORD....."Doctor"
ELIJAH COFFEE MOORE....."Elijah III"
CHARLES RULE PILKINGTON....."Golden Rule"
FARRIS ATHELSTANE SAMPSON....."Jim Crow's Friend"
RAYMOND HILL SAULSBERRY....."Wilson's—That's All"
GEORGE MURRY SMITH....."Chinee"
HILLARD HERBERT SMITH....."The Other Smith"
LON B. STANLEY....."In Darkest Boredom"
ARTHUR TABB.....}
RUSSELL HURST TARR.....} "The Handsome Pair"

HONORARY MEMBERS

HENRY WATTERSON

W. C. P. BRECKENRIDGE

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I. Any felony committed by a member of this Club on the person of a non-resident who persists in reading the "Courier-Journal" in the University reading room, is hereby commended and lauded.

ARTICLE II. Any member caught drinking beer will be expelled *at once*.

ARTICLE III. The two aforesaid articles shall be the only rules of this Club and shall be perpetual and inviolable.

MARYLAND CLUB



Lord B.: "This is still my Maryland of 1754."

MOTTO: "Eat, smoke, drink and be merry."

COLORS: Orange and Black.

YELL

Yell, yell to beat the band
Maryland, my Maryland.

SONG

We sing thy juice of corn and rye,
Maryland, my Maryland.
No town in thee shall e'er be dry,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Thy fragrant weed, the truest joy
Of bearded man and beardless boy,
Thy maidens fair, so sweet and coy,
Maryland, my Maryland.

OFFICERS

AMERICUS DAWSON TRUNDLE.....	PRESIDENT
EDWARD STONESTREET DAWSON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
FREDERICK NORMAN CRAMER.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

HENRY JOSEPH RAPHEL	FRANCIS WILBUR BRIDGES
JOHN WML WARNER	SIMON BLOUNT MASON
EMORY CLAY CRUM	JOHN CUNNINGHAM PACKARD
FRANK ROSEBRO FLOURNOY	AMERICUS DAWSON TRUNDLE
ROBERT EDWARD LEE KOLB	FREDERICK NORMAN CRAMER
HERBERT STABLER OSBORN	EDWARD STONESTREET DAWSON

HONORARY MEMBERS

GOV. JNO. WALTER SMITH	SENATOR ARTHUR PUE GORMAN
ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY	

An Etching

A dog has started out to chase
A bark he barked at me;
A hen is warbling of her lay
Across the sands O'Dee.

A goat is standing on his head,
And looking quite forlorn;
He cannot tickle with his tail
The itching of its horn.

An ostrich, in an old gray coat,
Is fluttering in the breeze;
A toad frog on the ground below
Is trying not to sneeze.

In the Dark

Rain and a mist of tears;
The dark, the dark of night;
And the roses red of a one-time love
Faded to white.

Memories out of the past
Come haunting the tired brain,
While the wind outside moans an interlude
To broken dreams of pain.

Eyes that stare in the dark,
In the dark so wide and deep;
And, oh, for the gift of rest,
For the boon of sleep.

L. W.



201

PRESTON RANCH



YELL

Osky, wow! wow!
 Whisky, bow! wow!
 Ola mucka bum,
 Preston! Preston!
 Rum! Rum! Rum!

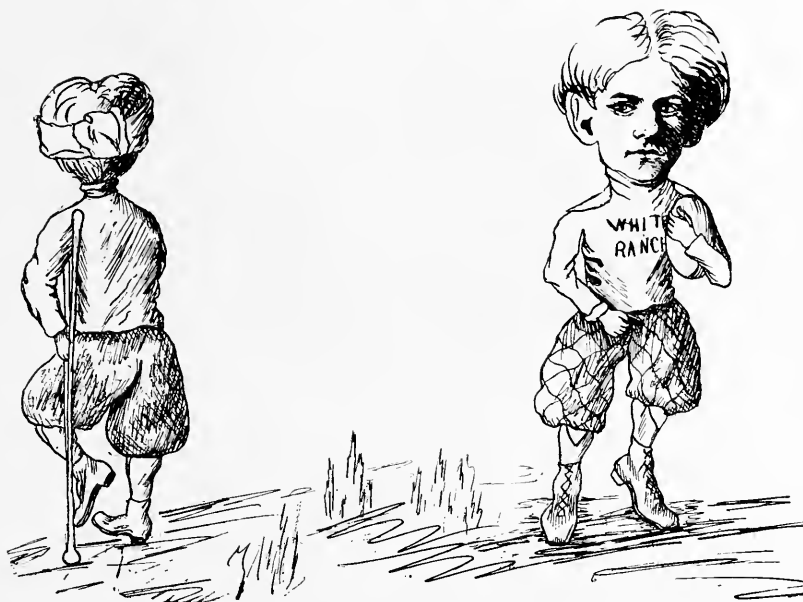
PERSONNEL

J. A. PARKS.....	Rough House
G. G. WORTHEN.....	Pretty Boy
G. E. HAW.....	Ape
J. W. CONOVER.....	Dreamy Eyes
D. W. ALEXANDER.....	Uncle Dannie
C. R. CUNNINGHAM.....	Fatsy
J. L. BUZBY.....	Uncle Tom
W. M. DAVIS.....	} The Three Vaps
E. L. DAVIS.....	
C. R. DAVIS.....	

PRESTON'S DELICACIES????

India rubber steak.
 Boiled rooster.
 Salmon salad.
 Boarding house hash.
 Pie.
 At \$22 per month.

THE WHITE RANCH



There fluttered into our sanctum a few nights since a brief segment from a current copy of the *Asbestos Times*.

The following dialogue, supposed to have taken place between the shade of William Wordsworth and the Poet-Laureate of Washington and Lee, may prove interesting:

I met a dreaming poet once of twenty years or more,
 A veritable freshman who had written verse galore,
 And I said, "my gentle dreamer now wherefore art thou sad?
 Are there no jovial ranchmen to make thy spirits glad?"
 "Aye, there's the rub," he answered, "I am plagued with heart-disease,
 And there's near a score of ranchmen to rob me of my ease."
 There is "Rice" McCulloch, Academ., who's quiet quiet enough
 Till it comes to graveyard apple trees, *and then he's fearful rough*.
 There is Tarr from old Kentucky whom the Smart Set should have smoothed;
 But the way he shoots a gun revives the fears the muses soothed.
 Then there's Firebaugh, my old lady, who should be some consolation,
 But that laugh of his acts on my nerves with direful agitation.
 Then there's Osborne who respondeth to the Christian name of Goat,
 Loves the Calic, loves his lager, loves the midnight table-de-hote.
 And another younger Osborne, isn't quite as wise as "Goat."
 Has a fancy too for Calic, calls the "Kidettes" selfish shoats.

Then there's Scarborough, "Skippy" Scarborough, tried to do the baseball stunt;
 Shouts aloud for Albert Sidney; made the "Snipe" and planned the hunt
 And McKay, the Sporting Blackstone, makes believe he's learning law,
 But Poindexter don't believe it, thinks a man should bone and saw.
 Charlie Thomas, Playful Tommy, hitched his wagon to a crow,
 And 'tis said twixt Crow and Calic that the wagon's now in tow.
 Scott the clever, Harle the lawyer, financiers just immense,
 With a capital and surplus; just the half of thirty cents.
 Then there's Powell, William Henry; ideal Freshman; he the brunt
 Of that antique oft-recurring, never ceasing, snipeless hunts.
 Then Connecticut comes forward, Dickerman reformed and good,
 "Good for nothing," say the scorchers, but these scorchers—they are rude!
 Then there's Carney—oh! that Carney! seek him where he shouldn't be;
 Hear him when he should be silent, say the things he shouldn't say.
 White and Gay alone are left to make my aching brain go mad,
 "Say, oh say! my noble brother, isn't enough to make one sad?"
 "There are many, then I asked him, whom your muses have to shun?"
 Yes, the cold prosaic ratio is just sixteen to one.
 Then I left him, feeling somehow altogether satisfied
 That before his ranchmen happened, I had fortunately died.



BLUE HOTEL

"THE SAINTS' ABODE."

JUDGE ISAAC SAMUEL WAMPLER, Proprietor.

REQUIREMENT FOR ADMISSION: Good lungs and a good set of teeth.

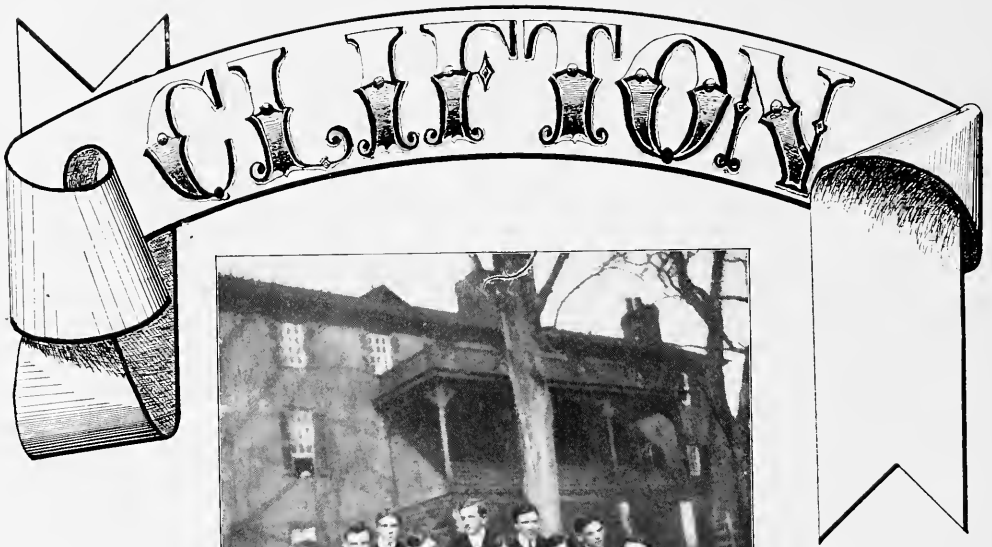
SONG OF THE SAINTS: "When the 'rolls' are placed on the table we'll be there."

MOTTO: "Live to eat."

COLORS: Blue and Red.

CATALOGUE OF THE SAINTS

CALICO RAVING BLAIN.....	Carrie	Gabriel's horn will find him eating.
SELF REVERING BRITTINGHAM	Bridget ...	He came from Eastern Virginia.
FOOD HOUSE BRUMBACK.....	Broomstick	Blue Hotel "steam engine."
RIGHT FEMININE COOPER.....	Judas...	"All out for Timber Ridge!!"
WORLD RENOWNED COOPER	Little Coop	An ardent admirer of Wright & Co.
RIGHT CONCEITED CRAMER.....	Johnny....	A terror to Roger's table knives.
GAWKY GOOSE GILBERT	Texas Steer	A perfect saint when his mouth is closed.
JOLLY BOY GILL.....	Fatty.....	His sole delight is "cutting" Greek.
JONAH WHALE HARMAN.....	Hermit ...	Close confinement will atone for his sins.
FLUNKED ALTOGETHER HOLLINGSWORTH	Doc	A general favorite with the Calic.
WHISTLING RUFUS HUDSON	Bill	Blue Hotel "musician."
FESTUS CATALINE ARIOVISTUS KELLAM	Reuben....	He is all smiles at night.
AFFECTIONATELY INSPIRED MILLER....	Calic Shark	Walking in the cemetery inspires him.
REAL PROPERTIES MASSEY.....	P. G.	Daddy Burks is his only terror.
WALKING ENCYCLOPAEDIA MONTGOMERY	Monty....	Class bouquets are against his religious principles.
SORRY LOOKING PEERY.....	Toad Fish.	His growing rotundity beats all.
FEMALE ADMIRING MAGRUDER.....	Mac.....	What a fine head of hair!!
HARMLESS LITTLE KIDD.....	Goat	He stands where the Romans stood.
WEE ADULT RAY	X-Ray....	Words, words, nothing but words.
AWFUL COMMON REHERD.....	Old Horse.	His handsome face will win him fame.
SOLOMON (the) WISE SCHAEFER.....	Solomon ..	Not half of his wisdom is yet known.
AIRY FAIRY WHITE.....	Ichabod ..	His eating capacity is equal to Blain's.



COLORS:

Beer-bottle Green and Sky-blue Tan.

FAVORITE SONG:

"The Big-headed Mule."

YELL

" Boom-er-ranger, rick-er-racker,
 Boom-er-ranger, firecracker,
 Boom-er-ranger razoo,
 Johnnie blow your bazoo,
 Sis, boom-bah!
 Clifton, Clifton,
 Rah, rah, rah!"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Name.	Expression.	Nick-Name.
J. F. BOUCHELLE . . .	<p>"Georgia is my State."</p> <p>A quasi construction from Georgia who would be a poet, may be a lawyer, but who knows what he will be.</p>	Freddie
H. B. CONNER	<p>"Let's go to town."</p> <p>An idle mind is the devil's workshop.</p>	Bill Bailey
E. C. CRUM	<p>"Now you see, by Gollie."</p> <p>Sore, Sour, Saucy, and a Sockdologer.</p>	Buddie
A. G. HENDRICK . . .	<p>"Wait a minute."</p> <p>He studied law from newspapers and newspapers for law and was always caught napping.</p>	Tardy
C. N. HOBSON	<p>"Pass the bread, please."</p> <p>An evanescent being, omnipresent with noise, and with an appetite ravenous and insatiable.</p>	Sing Lee
L. D. HOWELL	<p>"Got any smoking?"</p> <p>Unequaled, unparalleled, search as you will present, past or future history.</p>	Cheroot
M. C. HUDDLE	<p>"Hey, time to get up?"</p> <p>Attorney, Chief Justice, and a glum old rascal withal.</p>	Ole Hoss Pistol
C. R. PILKINGTON . .	<p>"Gosh, ding it."</p> <p>A frog philosopher who weeps oceans of tears over the death of every slick tail mouse and hairless frog.</p>	Solomon
F. T. REEVES	<p>"Take a day off, Mary Ann."</p> <p>"I love girls of every clime, But only the yellow-haired girl is mine."</p>	Judge
T. E. SMITH	<p>"Hurry, or we'll be late for dinner."</p> <p>An abstract thinker, but his thoughts often wandered in the fire.</p>	Ole Dan
J. H. WILLS	<p>"Think the ice is safe?"</p> <p>Like Moses of old he smote—the ice.</p>	Moses
H. B. YARBOUROUGH	<p>"What'll you have next?"</p> <p>That long, lean, lanky, Florida cracker.</p>	Ole Lady



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Mary L. Turley Feb, 1903

Courting the Final
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A Visit to the Southern Seminary

BUENA VISTA is the Mecca of the students of the Washington and Lee University. It is there that they worship the beautiful "calico" among the students of the Southern Seminary. This year a certain Freshman—known to the professors as Henry Van Sycle, but better known to the students as "Sauerkraut"—journeyed to the sacred city, not to worship from afar some fair goddess, but to call upon his sister, Gretchen.

Now, "Sauerkraut" is a type of the Dutch boys who are always blundering into ridiculous positions, and then blundering out in a way sure to cause laughter. Besides this, he had never been outside his native county until he came to the University, last September, fresh from his father's farm. From the time he first walked across the campus, the vengeance of the whole Sophomore class was focused on him. So it is not to be wondered that, overcome by homesickness, the poor Dutch boy decided to take this trip to see dear Gretchen.

Like all girls who have been away at boarding school a year or two, this older sister was so afraid that her countrified brother should do something out of the ordinary that she had sent him very detailed instructions as to how he should act and talk. With all the directions weighing heavily on his mind, "Sauerkraut" marched bravely up to the main entrance to the Seminary and began to search for the bell, as directed by Gretchen. Not being able to find this bell, the pig-headed Dutchman stalked into the hall and began to search more carefully. Near a door labelled "Principal's Office" there was a large gong used for calling the girls down to the little chapel at the end of the corridor.

"This is the very bell Gretchen meant," thought "Sauerkraut," as he sounded the gong, "the worst is over now."

A moment later a sour-looking old maid, with glasses on the end of her pinched nose, rushed wildly into the hall from the principal's office to learn why the chapel bell had been rung at such an unheard-of hour. Evidently a little excited at seeing "Sauerkraut," she began firing question after question at him: "Did you ring that bell?" "What are you doing here?" "Do you know, sir, that boys are positively not allowed here without permission?"

Crowds of giggling girls were now marching down the stairs and assembling about the chapel door. Undoubtedly the poor boy wished that he were any place but where he was. Blushing as red as a beet, and staring blankly at the carpet, he tried again and again to explain the difficulty, but not a word could he utter.

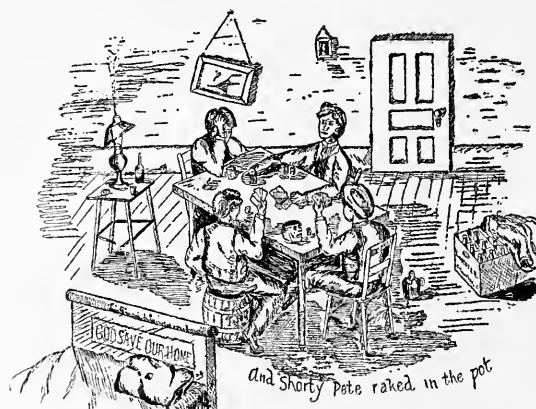
The critical moment had arrived. The old maid was just about to show "Sauerkraut" the door, when a voice near the chapel door piped out, "Why, Miss Marion,

the door is still locked!" Truly, Miss Marion was in a place to show her generalship. That she did, too, by leaving the embarrassed boy to recover his speech, while she calmly dismissed the girls.

Somewhat eased by the turn of affairs, "Sauerkraut" began to look about. He happened to look up the stairs, where his glance was met by a stare from Gretchen, who was coming down late to answer the call to chapel. In a second she understood all, and with a look of great pain in her eyes, the poor girl turned and rushed back to her room.

This was too much for "Sauerkraut." Disgusted with himself, with the Southern Seminary, with Gretchen—in fact, disgusted with the whole world—he turned, and, rushing from the Seminary, stopped only when he had put a good nine miles between the sacred city and himself. So ended Henry Van Sycle's trip to the Southern Seminary.

P. L. I. '06.



“The Geology Trip.”

NOT many weeks ago, three large lunch baskets, accompanied by “Old Harry” and his Geology Class, made their way towards Balcony Falls. The object of the trip was to observe the formation of the country and to bring back a few specimens of the *Iguanodon Bernissartensis* and *Rhamphorhynchus Phyllurus* creatures, much esteemed as articles of food in this the Athens of Virginia.

On the way down, one of the party obtained sole possession of the rear platform by producing a roll of the *Pecopteris Strongie*, known in these degenerate days as a stogie, the odor arising from the decomposition of the aforesaid article being sufficient to drive the party to cover.

As this was a purely scientific expedition, Buena Vista received but scant notice. We were told to observe a *dyke* near the station, but the Buena Calic and their dykes completely drove Nature's work in the dyke line out of our heads.

We reached Balcony safely and the real work began. We opened the performance by a short walk of a few miles down the track, observing as we went the dip and age of the rocks, but some devoted their entire time in observing the progress of the lunch baskets.

When two o'clock came around we decided to suspend our strenuous search after knowledge and devote a few moments to satisfying a well-known want in a well-known place. A large rock, a relic of the Archæan age, afforded us a table, and lunch was spread. Never did a bunch of students do more lusty work than we did. With our heads full of geology we could only talk of strata and kindred subjects. If a ham sandwich was in request, the demand would be couched in such terms as, “Won't you hand me that piece of the *Stegosaurus Vulgaris* between those *Jura-triassic* strata, please?”

During lunch we made one startling discovery. The eggs could undoubtedly trace their ancestry as far back as the Archæozoic age without help. This discovery is sure to revolutionize geology and make the class famous.

After lunch we climbed a mountain. As the dip was only about 89 9-10°, we had no difficulty in reaching the top. At this point the thirst for knowledge abandoned some of us, so while the rest of the party kept on we made our way towards the station. A hot argument arose between Glasgow and McCrum as to whether the *Archæopteryx Macroura* was a reptile or a bird. Sam declared for the bird and flew at Mac. in great style, but Mac., who maintained that the creature was a reptile, succeeded in wriggling out of a tight place. Seven good rounds were fought, and as honors were even, Old Harry declared the battle a draw.

This incident soon blew over and the station was reached in safety. Of course

the C. & O. was late, but at 6:30 we were together once more, and advanced on Lexington at a rapid (?) rate. When we reached home we thanked Old Harry for his kindness, and adjourned until the following day. Appended is the scientific report of the trip, compiled by Dr. Campbell:

Number of members of the expedition.	25
Number of Beuna Calic discovered.	17
(Of this number 4 were rare specimens)	
Amount of food consumed by the class (not certain)	—
Distance walked.	250-700 miles
Favorite song employed:	

'I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise.'

F. C. M.

The Vision Beautiful

When the day's fierce fight is finished;
 When each glaring light is out;
 When the midnight's solemn silence
 Drowns at last the worldly shout;
 Then there steals into my chamber,
 With a soft yet stately air,
 One whom all might know a fairy,
 By the moonbeams in her hair.

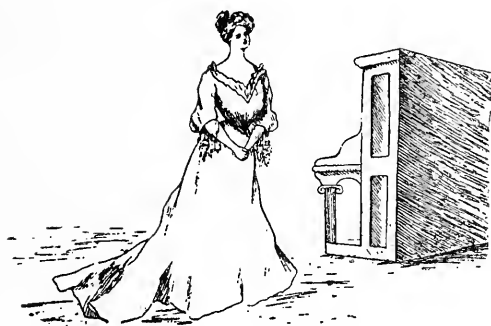
Smiling archly at her welcome,
 Comes this queenly little miss;
 And each flickering, fainting ember
 Throws to her its dying kiss.
 Cool and soft her little fingers
 On my fevered forehead rest;
 Like a living lotus blossom
 Lies her face against my breast.

As the perfume of the violet
 Gives its life to lifeless air,
 Softly steals into the silence,
 Rich, her voice in music rare.
 As a pilgrim at a fountain,
 After thirsting so and long,
 So my soul drinks in the music
 Of this strangely soothing song.

As the sun-scorched, weary pilgrim
 In the cooling water laves,
 So my sin-stained, tired spirit
 Washes in the silvery waves;
 Waves of charming mystic music
 All my world-worn senses steep.
 So the singer, softly singing,
 Sings me softly into sleep.

H. R. KEEBLE.

A GLANCE



Memory's sceptre is swayed tonight,
As the soft, sweet, strains of the old-time air
Bring back the hour when the flickering light
Fell soft on the brown of her flowing hair.
When there dwelt in the depth of her hazel eyes
A liquid light, like a moon-lit sea,
And her cheeks like the glow in the western skies,
Were flushed with the power of her purity.

I have taught my mind its lesson of toil,
In the silent hour of mental strife;
I have conquered my heart that it might not spoil
The equal flow of a purer life:
And though the song brings back the pain
That ever comes with its rhythmic flow;
And though we'll never meet again,
I bless that night of the long ago.

MERCER HARTMAN.



The Booke Worme

(Beeynge a Reverie bye One of the Wormes.)

THE lyfe of the booke worme hathe manie peculiar pleasures which, as one of the wormes hathe saide, hee woulde not exchange for alle the wealthe of the Indies. Hee lyveth not ynn the present, but ynn in the past, a denizen of all ages, a fellow-countryman with alle the peoples of the earth, a trusted companion of sages and poettes and heroes and kynges. Hee hathe a peculiar facultie of separating entity and quiditie and substance lyke the ghostes of defuncte bodys, and bye a peculiar and delyghtfulle metempsychosis hys soule ys translated into a lande of abstractions and dreames, into an ideale and spirytualle Hades, as yt were, where hee holdeth pleasant converse wythe the shades of the mightie who have left greate names upon the earth. Hee hathe the secret of the wyche of Endor, and as hee turneth over the yellowe pages of hys bookes, hee callethe to him the greate spirites of the deade; kynde spirites these who wylle chyde hymme not for disturbynge theire eternale sleepe, and who wylle telle hymme oute of theire heartes alle that they have ever suffered or felte or thoughte; who wylle forgyve hymme for frownynge at theire joques, or dozyng over theire sermones, or interruptyng their carefull disquisitiones wythe a smylle or a nod. They mae bee forgotton and neglected and insulted; they mae bee lefte under the gatherynge duste of years ynn theire modeste lyttel alcoves, ynn uncomplainyng obscuritie, and they wylle forgyve seventie tymes seven alle such offenses as these. They are patiente companiones, longesufferyng and kynde, who wylle syng the same songe, or telle the same storie, or goe over the same simpl lesseone again and again, and styll not complaine.

And soe the booke worme learneth to love these lyttel bundles of paper and printe as he loveth hys own soule. Faithfulle friends indeede, who share ynn hys sorrow, and comforte hymme ynn hys griefe, and use theire sweete enchantmente toe induce a happie forgetfulnesse of the course realtyes of thys olde worlde and of the perfidie of alle other friendes than these.

Thus muche of goode can bee saide of the booke worme and hys bookes. But when alle hath byn saide, there ys styll somethyng sadlie wantyng ynn the lyfe of the bookysh anchorite. Whye ys yt that a scholastick chylle ys throwne over all that the booke worme does, alle that hee sayes, a scholastick chylle that slayes those fyne impulses of the soule which doe not lynger to calculate? Soe yt ys that the booke worme achieves but lyttel ynn the busie world of affaires, leavyng behynde hym onlie learned fragmentes of a greate worke undone. Hys wisdom ys lyk the dymme transmytted lygthe of a thousande yeares, a mumified wisdom fyftie centurys olde.

He hath sacrificed the wisdom of the living present for the dead wisdom of the past, the useful and the practical for the merely vain and shadowy as the latter too often is. There is often a suggestion in his learning of the senseless scholasticism of Duns Scotus and Raymond Lully. He would slay the understanding with his ponderous tomes; he would reduce the philosophy of life to a text book, and quench the spontaneity of human reason with his Barbara and Felapton.

As the late A. Pope hath said, "the proper study of mankind is man," not books. The bookworm needeth more of the hearty friendships of his fellow men and less of musty books. By the former, he getteth a proper perspective of character; he ceaseth to live in the narrow sphere of self, which sort of living worketh in a circle, as ytt were, a circle that ever deepeneth but never expandeth outward, encompassing the universe of men and things around our little lives. There is a healthy broadening unto the light, yf not so much a deepening unto the darker recesses of the soul. He feedeth on the bread of life and lesse on his own heart. The fine enthusiasm of native animal spirits choketh out his dead philosophy. A good-hearted philanthropy displaceth the curse of the misanthrope. He findeth pure gold in the roughest stones around him; and he looketh deeper than the skin, learning to love where before he stood aside and coolly measured, measured, measured. Man is something more than the *genus homo*. He hath also that ineffable virtue which we call soul. We find bonds of wholesome kinship here, for our souls flow out through and over these frigid walls of flesh. The best of our books are but cloth and paper and printer's ink, and have no souls; though sometimes they seem indeed to have flesh and blood, and to be living armed men, as Dr. Milton hath said. In the converse with our fellow men we do learn a thousand things that were never writ in books and never can be; little things, many, but also greater elemental things that lie at the heart of the world.

Verily our souls have a deeper language of their own, and their converse is as far above the babble of books as is the blue of God's heaven with ytt majestic thunder stormes sweeping across above the noisy little brook below. And so it seemeth that when all hath been said that the fellowship of men is far above the musty, yellow, worm-eaten friendships of the weary-eyed companion of many books.

C.

Faculty Joke Schedule

Published for the benefit of next year's Freshmen in order to restrain uproarious and unseemly indulgence on their part in giving vent to their mirth.

Name of Professor.	Name of Joke.	Due to Arrive.	Remarks.
1. NELSON	a. "Bees" b. "Pig and Log"	Jan. 15th Feb. 1st	
2. STEVENS	a. "Decimal Point" b. Let her R. I. P. c. Serpent with crooked tongue	Nov. 11th Dec. 4th April 1st	
3. HOWE	Double Decomposition	Every Saturday	
4. LATANE	My work in the Congressional library	Sept. 15th, '03	
5. DENNY	Unseen paintings in the tower	Every time he speaks in chapel	
6. HUMPHREYS	Hyperbolic Paraboloid and Rectangular Parallelopiped		
7. KERN	"Stand where the Roman Stood" Associate with Jacks—become a jack-ass		
8. CAMPBELL, H D			Puns
9. CURRELL	"Van Bibber" "Pants on the Piano Legs"	April 4, '04 June 5th, '04	
10. QUARLES	Philosophic Error in Denial Our Old Friend the Pillar	Every Tues. 11:30 " " "	
11. HOGUE	"Lady Lill"		
12. WILLIS	Tom Sawyer's Fence	March 15, '04	

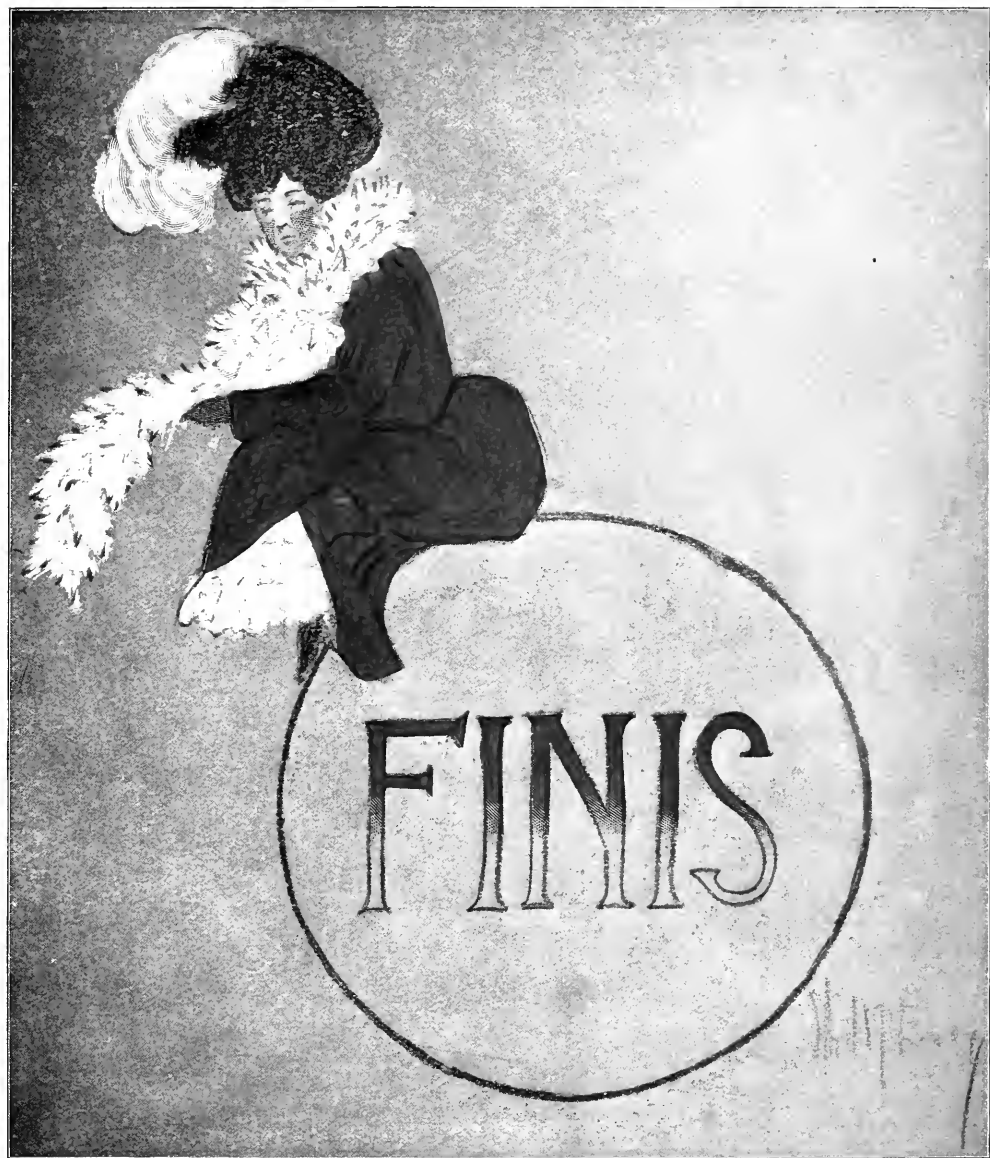
Freshmen are commanded to study closely the schedule in order to know what is demanded of them in time to nerve themselves for restraint.

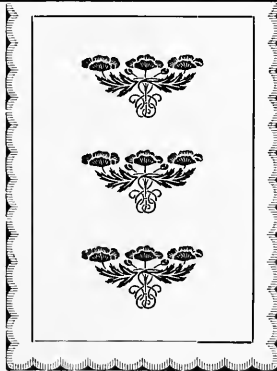
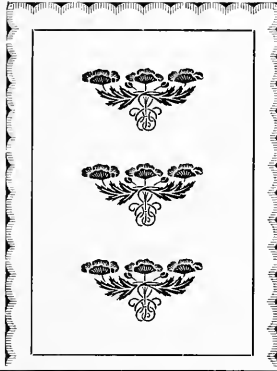
The old students adopt the following plan, viz.: Before going into the recitation room on the day when one of these great masterpieces of wit is due to arrive, those who are earnestly in favor of restraining themselves to a decent extent will systematically read some of the touching passages in Dickens; such as the one in which Little Nell cashes in her chips, or will quote to themselves poems of the S. B. variety. Such as

"Oh! rose tree planted in my grief,
And growing on her tomb,
The dust is greening in your leaf,
Her blood is in your bloom,
Oh lily waving there,
And laughing back the light,
In vain you tell me earth is fair,
When all is dark as night."

This method of combatting the natural inclination is indeed successful; splendid results are obtained. When the joke actually arrives it is greeted by a mournful and restrained silence, which is much to be commended.

The professors have solemnly promised to run strictly on schedule time for the session '03-'04.





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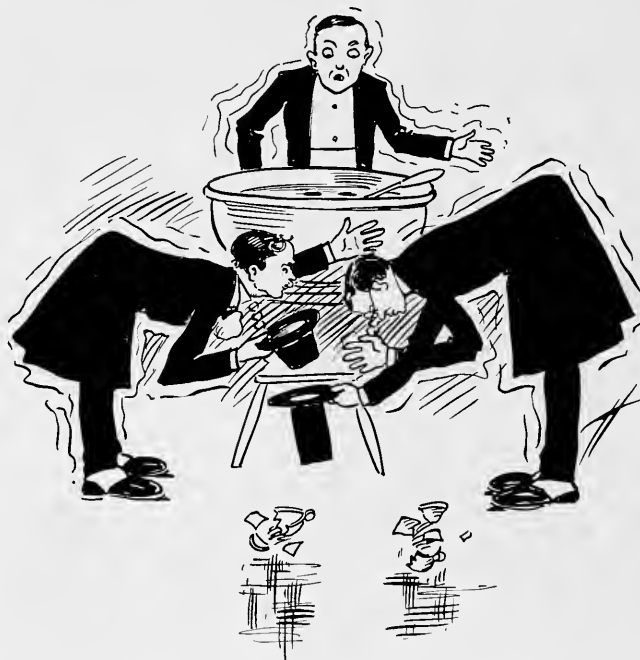
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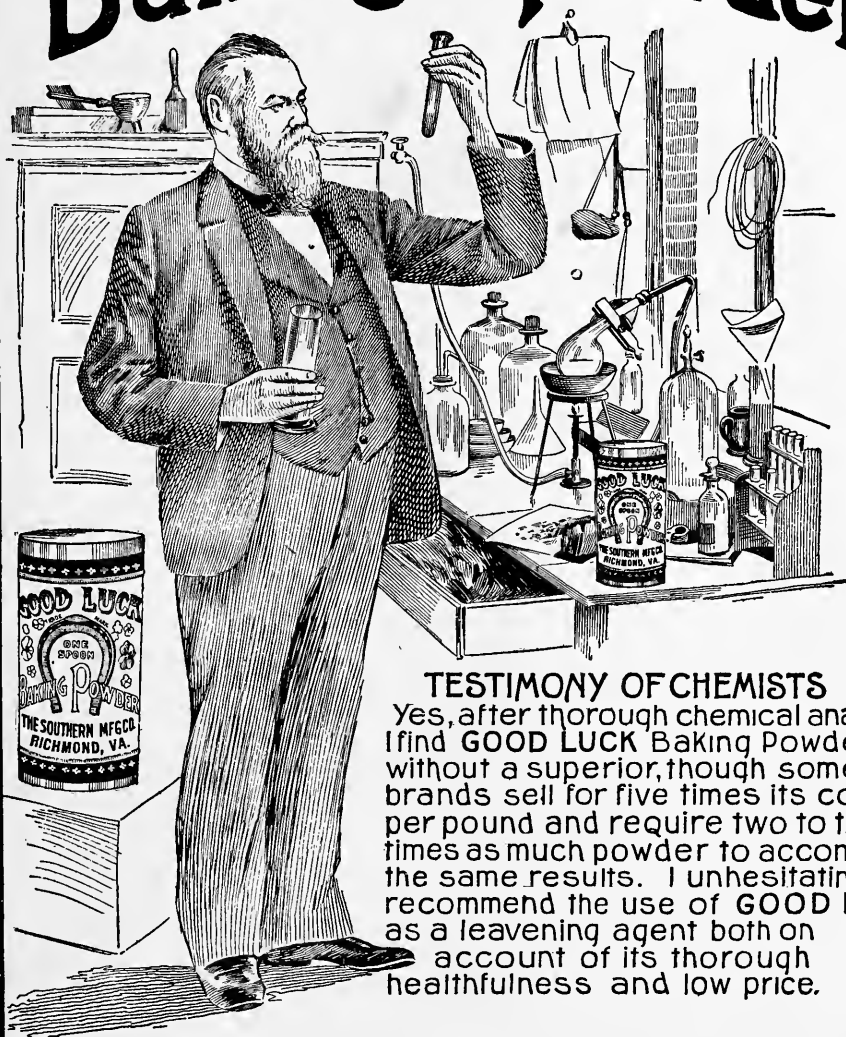
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
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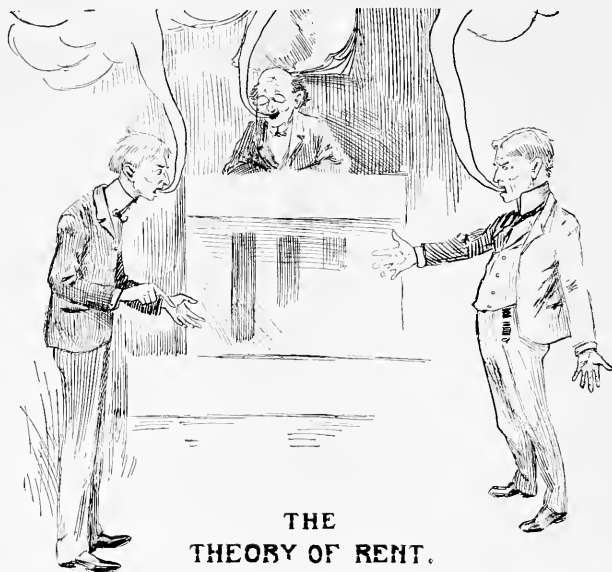
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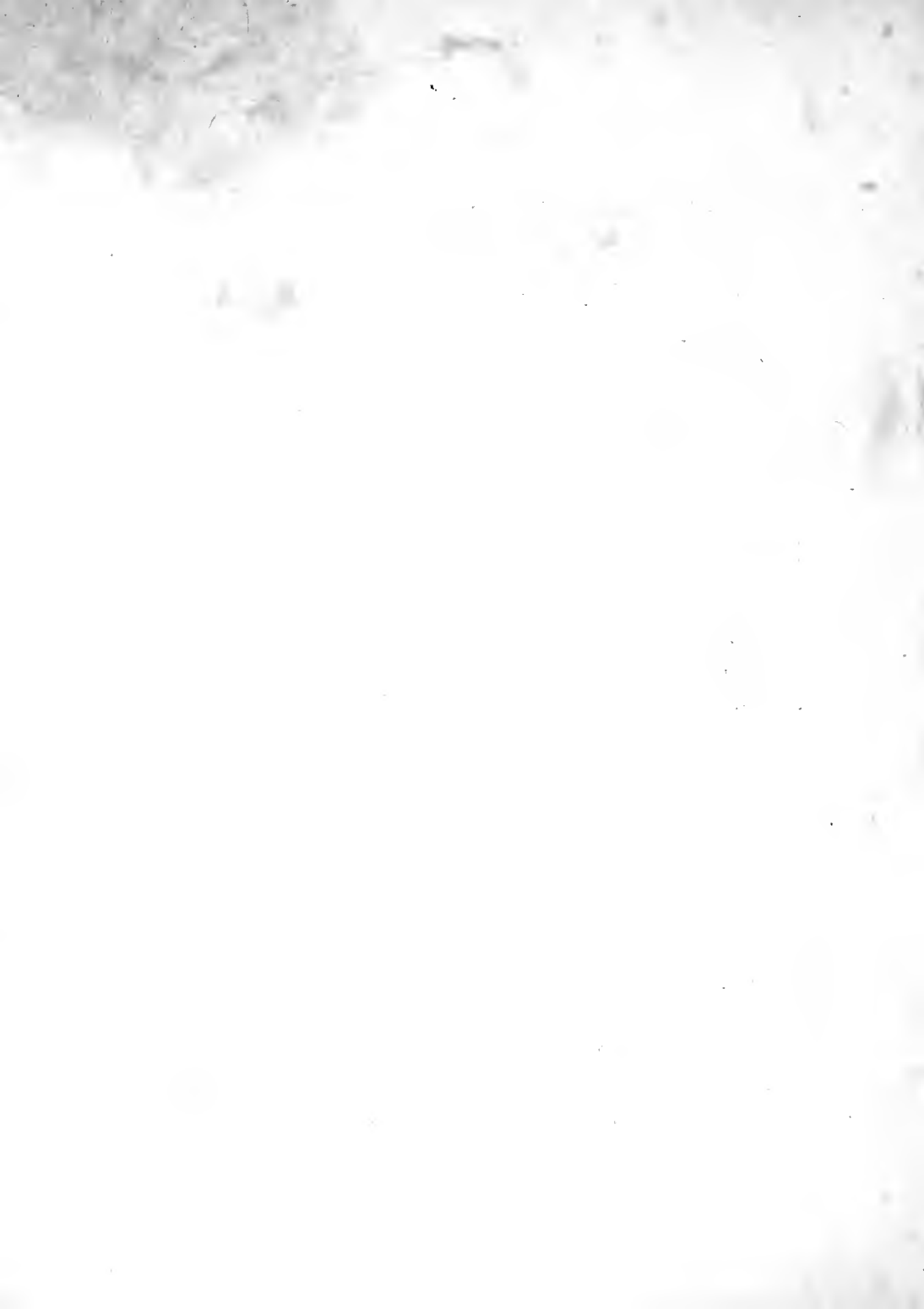
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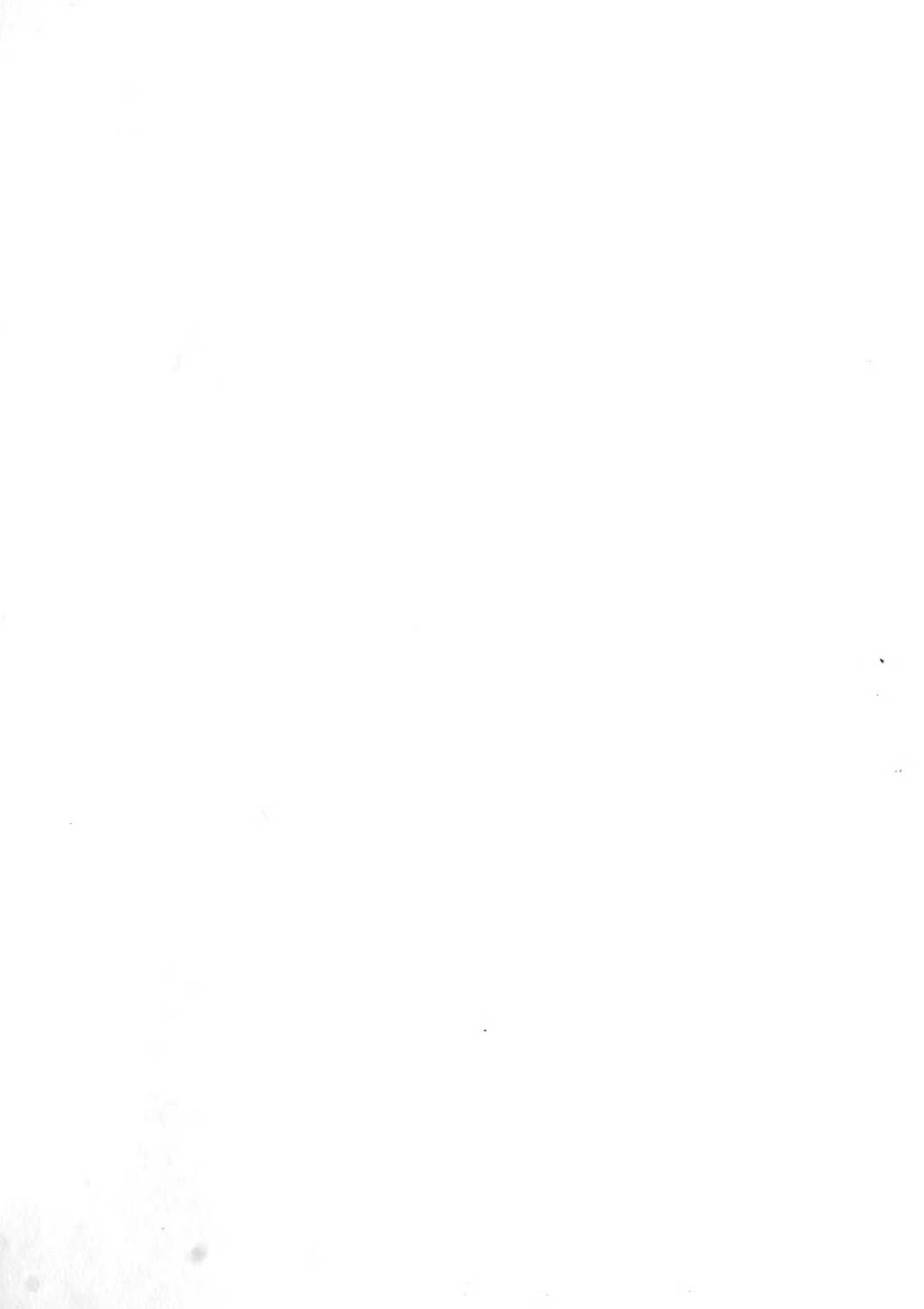
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